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Day**, the
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This Week

Maclean's

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Photo credit: Bob Fotheringham. Cover image by David Thompson/Photo Credits.



Cover



16 How scary?

With his wife, Valerie, beside him, Scofield Day is mourning into the final stretch of the Canadian Alliance leadership campaign. But his first-round victory over Preston Manning has raised questions about his beliefs—and fears that he may be too extreme for mainstream voters.

Features

Special Report

26 Summer of celebration

Atlantic Canada is inviting the world to share its vibrant new spirit, while harkening its past. In Newfoundland, that includes a visit from a replica Viking ship.

32 'The slim disease'

More than 13 million Africans have died in the AIDS epidemic sweeping across Africa, and Canadian workers are among those trying to stem the tide.

50 Escape nights at the movies

Armies of sailors, pirates and poetry—plus Jim Carrey as his own walking, talking blockbuster—join the fray in Hollywood's game of box-office survival.

Sexual abuse

The tragedy of the residential schools illustrates the importance of separating church and state ("Abuse of trust," Cover, June 26). When good intentions and the reputation of the church are combined with the statutory power and economic might of the state, then the potential for unforeseen adverse effects is immense. When the good intentions are misguided and based on misperceptions, then tragedy results. When unscrupulous people are able to find their way into the potent combination of church and state, then the tragedy becomes a disaster.

Dr. Stephen Barabas, Peterborough, Ont.

As a physician for more than 25 years involved with the poorest and wealthiest of people across Mexico, Canada and the United States, a father for 21 years, and just a human being, I could not hold back the tears in my eyes while reading your cover story. I hope that the groups, churches, governments and persons involved do, for a change, suffer more than anything to set an example for future generations and let them know that they will not be able to



get away without punishment. As a Roman Catholic born and raised in Mexico, I wish that every one of the poor people of Latin America and other underdeveloped regions who can't afford food but still give money to their local church is informed that

their contributions are used to pay lawyers defending their church for sexual abuse of children.

Dr. Carlos Alvarez, Toronto

We should not be surprised at the abuse. After all, organized Christianity has a long and shameful history of terrible treatment of the down-trodden and defenceless. Sexual and physical abuse of children has hardly been unique to residential schools. Look at the history of most mainstream Christian denominations during the American Revolution, the Civil War, the First and Second World Wars, and many of the other great moral crises of our time. Denial of full participation of women, reproduction dogma that demands to destroy the planter and the erosion of money from the poor to build temples for the ego-satisfaction of the clergy: the list is endless. William E. MacLeod, Sudbury, Ont.

The Law Commission of Canada recently made public a report titled "Restoring Dignity: Responding to Child Abuse in Canadian Institutions." The law commission feels that criminal and civil trials have only a limited capacity to meet that full range of needs of adults who were abused as children. Restorative processes that provide for counselling and therapy and that offer opportunities for acknowledgment, apologies and reconciliation seem to offer a better long-term response to the

Looking at all sides

To say that the residential school problem is a multi-faceted mess is an understatement, but your article admirably brings out some aspects that are not usually discussed ("Abuse of trust," Cover, June 26). One interesting point was that some of the people accused of abuse are of native origin themselves. Another is that there are many native people who are refusing to join a blanket condemnation of residential schools. Could there possibly have been one good teacher trying to educate students? Let the red virgins seek and find justice. Let the laymen back off. Let the blanket generalizations and racial stereotypes on both sides be abandoned.

Patrick W. McRitchie, Burnaby, B.C.

needs of survivors. It is the responsibility of all Canadians to recognize the legacy of institutional child abuse—not only to reduce the terrible human dire in the past, but also to ensure that they do not recur.

Endrieh A. Macdonald, President, Law Commission of Canada, Ottawa

Several established churches face bankruptcy as a result of residential school-generated lawsuits, to which I say, who cares? Those establishment churches—those massive, monolithic, wealthy, multinational religious corporations—have, in my opinion, enriched their time and usefulness and have no place in modern 21st-century life. The churches closed their corporate eyes to abuses of the worst sort—let them now pay for their sins, in accordance with the gospel they preach.

Brian Gorman, Niagara, Ont.

'Political interference'

Jennifer Henry might want to think twice before she decides to go hunting for a teaching job in the United Kingdom ("System under stress," Education, June 26). Before I immigrated to Canada in 1997, I spent three years teaching high-school English and drama in England. When I entered the



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Every 10 years, the U.S. Census Bureau conducts a national survey of the population. The results of the survey are used to determine the number of people living in each state and to allocate federal funds to each state. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each county and to allocate state funds to each county. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each city and to allocate city funds to each city. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each town and to allocate town funds to each town. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each village and to allocate village funds to each village. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each hamlet and to allocate hamlet funds to each hamlet. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each census tract and to allocate census tract funds to each census tract. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each block and to allocate block funds to each block. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each house and to allocate house funds to each house. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each apartment and to allocate apartment funds to each apartment. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each mobile home and to allocate mobile home funds to each mobile home. The results of the survey are also used to determine the number of people living in each other type of dwelling and to allocate other type of dwelling funds to each other type of dwelling.

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Quincy College, 1000 Quince Orchard, Washington, DC 20004

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From: Shirley@shirleyanddave.com

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San Francisco, Managing Culture
University and College Grants

Andrew Wilson-Smith (Secretary)

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Prevalence of oral cancer

systems, it had already been subject to several years of undermining and political interference by successive Conservative governments. When I signed in 1996, one of three traditions was leaving the British system within their first three years. What is happening in Ontario arises as a result of what happened in Britain under Margaret Thatcher and John Major. Ontario Premier Mike Harris does have an original political bone in his body, but one thing Common Sense Resolutions understand is how important it is to undermine public education, for the danger of a well-educated populace is that it might see through the rhetoric of Common Sense and find out that it makes no sense at all.

Tracy Byrne, Victoria

As a taxpayer, it's not hard for me to understand why Ms. Harris decided to rule on the school boards in her mansion and sweeping estates in bringing spending under control. It's not a fan of Harris, but I do love him for doing what no other government has done: bring education spending down to earth. Jennifer Harris might have to buy buses out of her own pocket, but that is only because the money that should have been spent on those buses is already in teachers' pocket. Ontario has a fine history of excellent education. This history is being mangled by greedy unions and school-board mismanagement, which for years have been using taxpayers' dollars to further their own interests.

John Mahoney, Toronto

as carriers for troops carrying the U.S. army into the Panamint, and were part of the 7th Fleet in support of the Iwo Jima landings. In early December, Capt. Jeffery Black, with six destroyers—three Canadian, two Australian and one American—covered the evacuation of elements of the 8th Army from Chinnampo. I was the supply officer of HMCS Cayuga from May of 1950 until August of 1952, and did not return to duty in Korea. I want in no way to diminish what the army did in Korea, but I believe the full picture of the Canadian contribution should be published.

William E. Davis, Portland, Ore.

I had to write to thank you for "Our forgotten war" Pte Bernard (Bunny) MacDonald was my grand uncle, and though I have never met him, I have heard many stories about him and the kind of individual he was. A very big thank you to Bill Allan and other veterans for their hard work in raising £300,000 to erect the Wall of Remembrance. You will always be remembered by the MacDonald family.

Lianne MacDonald, *Arizpomaht, H S*

I am apparently one of what you call the "jacks" and "buds" who participated in the Road for the Tip national in Edmonton and, last year, in Toronto. Naturally I was highly involved when I read "Reach for the book" (Entrepreneur, June, 12) and Over and Under Achiever (Orrison, page 19). I, my team and our coaches all worked very hard to get to the nationals. The articles are a sight not only to our team but to the inhabitants of the area who gave so generously to help us achieve our goal. The purpose of the competition is not to win prizes or vast fortunes, rather to compete for the passage and honour of being among the top 100 of Canadian entrepreneurs. These same competitors are the teachers, doctors, scientists and leaders of tomorrow.

Grant VanZant, Truro, N.S.



Overture

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Edited by Anthony Wilson-Smith
with Shanda Drent

Over and Under Achievers

Canada: we're No.1—sorry!

Pho do he deserves it? Stockwell, he swears your foe! Molson, the Habs don't sell our beer! And Yousa he rates a year!

◆ **Piston Mowing:** Say, it's didn't you need to be Jimmy Stewart/King of Economy/The Guy Liberals Loved to Hate?

◆ **Stockwell Day:** The future MP from Hask Newfild riding tells guys he's no enemy. As proof, they can exchange fudges on top.

◆ **Montreal Canadiens:** Why would Molson set a bad, badly managed, no-money-losing team playing in a really badly designed rink? Which part needs explaining?

◆ **Abbas Yassin:** Admirable tales the enraging Ottawa Scot star must serve full length of his sentence (coincide with wars, Upgrade: if the says out much longer, there need be any Canadian tears left he can hope to play for

◆ **Lap's cat:** Leaves home in Colorado, runs up 4,600 km away in the Yukon. If Air Canada arrives, that's farther than any of us will get this summer.

◆ **Canada (again):** UN rates us No.1 place to live for seventh straight year. Downside: news is greeted with apathy or indignation—by Canadians

The Long Game

With **Ten Long** out of the Canadian Alliance leadership race, Queen's Park is about about his future—and that of **Mike Harris**. Despite publicity about riding Bay Street support, insiders say Long's campaign itself could be as high as \$1 million. Now, Long must decide what to do. Although he promised to run for the Alliance in the next election, a friend says "it would be a mistake to presume that's definite." One reason is his perceived coolness towards likely winner **Stockwell Day** after Day supports media disparaging remarks about gay people



Long, your new boss?

working for Long. Earlier this year, Long left his job as an executive headhunter with the Egon Zehnder firm because, he said privately, he wanted a chance to run a company himself. He could resume efforts for a CEO's job—or there's always a job as chief of staff to Harris, as incumbent **Ken McLaughlin** stepped down last week. But Long is unlikely to do that, and the job has a rich source say candidates are being told the position is for 18 months—meaning Harris would then step down. So Ottawa or Bay Street? That, a friend says, is a decision Long "won't think about" until after the Alliance vote on July 8.

Over the Shoulder

Ginette Reno, singer: "I'm reading *Et c'est tout*, (*If Only & Were True*) about a woman in a coma—**Steven Spielberg** bought rights to the movie. I buy books about compulsive over-eaters, alcoholics, drug addicts. I'm a freak about everything to do with psychology."

Evelyn Hart, dancer: "I go back and forth between something literary and interesting and something quite philosophical. I just finished *Melrose of a Gracie* by **Arthur Golden** and a book on **Ralph Waldo Emerson**. I'm still slogging through **Tolstoy's Anna Karenina** and **Henry James's Portrait of a Lady**, which I read two pages at a time. I hate reading."

William Hurt, actor: "I just finished the brand new book *Ben: A Biography of Lord Alfred Douglas* by the



young scholar **Douglas Murray**. It's an extraordinary book. I don't think there was a great deal of new information, but one of the things that was emphasized—and rightly so—was that Lord Alfred Douglas was considered, at the time, one of the premier poets of his day. He never broke through because of the Oscar Wilde scandal that hovered over his life right till the end."

Overseas, Overheard

Society's child: the old and new

Although it may be an outdated notion to some, **Rebecca Cannon** believes like girls dream of becoming ladies—who dress up for fancy dances. So Cannon, 16, a tenor/choral leader/singer player, signed up for the Annual Military Ball in Vancouver. For four weeks, she learned etiquette, ballroom dancing and table manners. The culmination of all that came last month at the ball, when Cannon and 11 other girls donned floor-length dresses and white gloves, and were escorted by junior officers and presented to the lieutenant-governor and their fathers.

The ball began in 1946, when Canadian troops came back from war, as a way to acknowledge that their little girls had grown up. "While many have questioned the relevance of this



At the ball, no passed tangeres or navel

Tiffanyjoy Himelick has her nose, navel and tongue pierced and is, according to Rootless, "kind of a skateboard kid." In Manitoba, a cowboy can wear a suit—and a crown and tongue and scrotum mutually exclusive.

kind of ceremony—and organizers concede they have thought of cancelling the event—there remains too much support to do so. "It's a tradition," says Cannon. "I don't think they should change something to suit feminist activists."

Three previous over, 30 Manitoba teenage girls who are not as interested in becoming ladies, are signing up for a traditionally feminine celebration—with a twist. At the Miss Teen Manitoba pageant, there are no beauty pageant or over-the-top competition; rather, girls are judged on essay writing, a fitness test and on-stage interviews. The winners, says organizer **Marie Routhier**, often don't fit the traditional beauty queen image. The current Miss Teen Manitoba,

Mothers, Fathers Go Missing in Action

During the Depression, 12 per cent of all families were headed by single parents. Although that figure has only slightly increased—to 15 per cent in 2006—the reasons behind the numbers have changed dramatically. In 1932, more than three-quarters of all single-parent families were headed by a widowed father or mother. Now, according to Statistics Canada, the reasons for single-parenthood include the growing economic independence of women combined with the decreased stigma of being outside marriage (never-married parents, in fact, now outnumber widowed ones).

Marital status of single parents, by percentage



Canadiana for sale, online

On eBay, a piece of our past is going, going.

How do you sell a Canadian landmark? **Jim Gill**, owner of a 134-year-old onetime customs house and post office in Brookville, Ont., is using the eBay Internet auction Web site, saying: "It's an instant worldwide exposure."

Gill says a new owner could qualify for a federal program that allows up to \$1 million for the purchase and renovation of historic sites as the country owner, but isn't eligible. The structure was built under the direction of **Thomas Fuller**, the architect responsible for the Parliament buildings. So far, the high bid of \$325,300 falls well short of Gill's "aspirational" price—the lowest amount he will accept. There has been celebrity interest, although Gill won't name the prospective buyer. But he affords these clues: "It's a male who loves Victorian properties—and it's not Dan Aykroyd." Sure, gawking—or bidding.



From Brookville, with history

Derek Chiu

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ROGERS MEDIA

Overture

PASSAGES

Hired: CBC veteran Shalagh Rogers, 44, will leave her show *Talk Five* to replace Michael Enright as host of CBC Radio's flagship program, *The Morning*. In the past two months, Enright announced he was scaling back his desire to focus on the Sunday edition of *The Morning*, while Rogers turned down a lucrative offer to host a daily show at National Public Radio in the United States. Rogers, who will likely leave other hosting jobs with *50 Cent's* *Insider* and *Saturday Night at the Movies*, has been a broadcaster for over 25 years.



Retired: Toronto Maple Leaf forward Wendel Clark, 35, hung up his jersey after 15 seasons in the NHL. The former from Kelowna, B.C., was the NHL's first overall draft pick in 1985, and quickly was the heart of Leaf fans with his bruising body-checks and a lightning-quick wrist shot. He was often injured, however, and his playlagged after a trade to the Quebec Nordiques in 1994. He returned to Toronto in 1996, then moved on to New York, Tampa, Detroit and Chicago. He signed the Leafs' last contract in 2000, and when the team declined to re-sign him, the emotional Clark opted to retire as a Leaf rather than move to a new team.

Denied: A Boston attorney ruled that Allen Yulish, star center of the Ottawa Senators, owes his team another year on his contract, worth \$3.6 million (U.S.). Yulish ran out his last season after the Senators refused to give him a \$4.4-million pay hike. While some would like to see Yulish traded, Senators owner Rod Brydson insisted that he must remain to play his final season. Next month, Yulish faces a second round of arbitration—the league

is seeking \$7 million in damages, asserting that Yulish's holdout hurt the Senators' performance and ticket sales.

Debut: Jamar Maguire of Toronto was the first pick of the Charlotte Hornets and the 19th pick overall in the NBA draft. The six-foot, 10-inch center played four seasons at the University of Kentucky, where he developed from a raw talent into the team's most valuable player, leading the Wildcats in blocked shots while scoring 15.2 points per game last season. Before beginning his pro career, he hopes to play for Canada next September at the Summer Olympics in Sydney, Australia.

Died: Ken Bell was one of Canada's finest photographers, known for his stunning black-and-white images of the Second World War now enshrined at the National Archives in Ottawa. He did portraits of some of the world's most famous people, including Rudolph Nureyev and Mother Teresa. He freelanced for many publications, including *Maclean's*, and was the official photographer of the National Ballet of Canada for 25 years. Bell died at 86, of cancer at his home in Gibson Landing, B.C.

Died: With his dangling jowls, grumpy six-foot, three-inch frame and hoarse voice, Walter Matthau was a master of crass comedy in film and onstage for more than 50 years. The actor was best known for his role opposite Jack Lemmon in *The Old Couple*. He was the 1960 Oscar for his supporting role in *The Apartment*, and was twice nominated for best actor. He died at 79, of a heart attack in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died: Tobin Rose Jr., who starred with the Toronto Argonauts, earned renown for his achievements in the NFL and the old American Football League. The Texas-born Rose quarterbacked the Argos from 1960 to 1962. Prior to that, he guided the Detroit Lions to their last title in 1957. He began with the Green Bay Packers, and was exchanged for future Hall of Fame great Bart Starr. After his CFL turn, Rose helped lead the San Diego Chargers to an AFL title. He died at 72 in Saginaw, Mich., of a heart attack.

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ROGERS MEDIA

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What Matters to Canadians



Why Day can become PM

See if the following sounds like you, or anyone you know: picture a married couple in their 30s or 40s, both working, with a couple of kids, a mortgage and a house in the suburbs. They don't have anything against gay people—for that matter, they don't really know any. They're not especially religious, but admire those who are. They support gun control in principle—but can't help noting that criminals never seem to have trouble finding guns. They voted Liberal in the past couple of federal elections, but think Jean Chrétien has overplayed his welcome. Now, they can't stand the way the Liberals throw around money on big make-work projects for supporters, and why work they just cut their taxes instead? After all, June 30, as the newspapers duly noted, marked the first day of the year that taxpayers would live and clear for themselves, rather than giving their money to government.

There probably aren't more than, say, a few *quintillion* Canadians in like circumstances across the country. And in many ways, the question as the next election approaches is why they wouldn't vote for Scott Brison and the Canadian Alliance. The answer, members of the media, Liberals and most of the cheering classes will tell you, is that Day is too extreme in his views, too unfriendly to gays, too friendly to gun owners, too unknown, and backed by too many spooky people to be able to win. (And, of course, he has to bump off Premier Manning in the July 8 leadership vote—but that seems increasingly likely.) Aside from all that scary-sounding pseudo-argument, Day's coming down at the polls, here are five arguments that it is not necessarily so:

• **Votes vote against a government rather than for an opposition party.** In 1993, the Libs offered few changes from Conservative policy, but emphasized the fact they *would* be the Tories, that was enough. In 1997, they came within a handful of seats of losing their majority. This time, the PM is far less popular. That makes voters much more likely to shop around, and having found all the other leaders previously wanting, to look closely at the new kid on the block.

• **Voters change positions more dramatically than pundits acknowledge.** For a quarter of a century, Quebecers have swung routinely between electing federalist and sovereignist governments—about as sharp a distinction as you can have. Over the past decade, Ontarians have gone from Liberal to NDP to hard-right Tory governments in successive elections. British Columbians routinely elect the left-leaning NDP provincially while swinging to the right to support Reform/Alliance federally. That's Canada's three largest provinces performing political penmanship.

• **It's better to look marvellous than to say marvellous things.** Ronald Reagan drove the United States hard to the

right on the strength of his charisma, winning the votes of millions of working-class Democrats who had never previously voted otherwise. His ideas weren't much different from those of Barry Goldwater in the 1960s—but Reagan was the kind of sunny guy you felt good about, and Goldwater wasn't. Bill Clinton, coming out of nowhere in the early 1990s, made George Bush look staccato and old. George W. Bush probably isn't nearly as smart as Al Gore—but he's a real guy while Gore isn't, and that may make the difference. At home, René Lévesque made sovereignist credible and cool in Quebec. Pierre Trudeau, in 1968, was the most unusual and unlikely political candidate many Canadians had ever seen. And many Quebecers used to vote for Lévesque precisely and Trudeau's friendly: the popularity of each man surpassed more than their conflicting ideas.

• **Voters focus on the issues that affect them most directly.** And why not? Political scientists and people in our business spend too much time talking amongst ourselves: we build images of earnest voters sitting at home, ticking off fireworks listing each candidate's views on social and fiscal policy on a point-by-point basis. Dream on: just like special-interest groups, many average voters start by asking, "What's in it for me?" The answer, in that case, is Day's flat-tax proposal, which would cut the federal tax rate for most middle- and upper-income earners. That, while the Libs are planning a left-leaning platform that would see them ramp up spending.

• **Pre-election polls mean nothing.** If they really amounted to anything, Kim Campbell would be prime minister today, Jean Charest would be premier of Quebec, and Mike Harris wouldn't have won a firm term in Ontario, let alone a second. Polls don't even exist on the radar screen of most people these days and about two weeks before an actual election, when they start thinking seriously about who they'll vote for. That's perfect for Day, who showed—in the face of tough questioning from Wendy Mesley on CBC's *The Magazine* last week—that he can take a hit and come out looking relaxed and reassuring.

None of that means anything if Day can't jump significant hurdles in months ahead. If he becomes leader, he'll have to knit together a badly divided caucus, convince Manning to stay in a lesser role, function as a political leader rather than klutzy for the first time in his life, and overcome continuing doubts about his policies in Central and Eastern Canada—including, in particular, Ontario, where his wish to unilaterally decentralize federal powers may become his real Achilles heel with voters who like the status quo. It's early days, and only a fool would claim to know what lies ahead. Which never, of course, stops so very many of us from trying



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Barbara Amiel

Same-sex marriage is OK

Two male friends of mine, let's call them Derek and John, have been living together for about six years. Derek wants to get married—to John—but same-sex marriages are not recognized in the United Kingdom.

Things are a little different in Canada thanks to the ruling of the sociologically challenged Ontario Court of Appeal judge Rosalie Abella. In 1999, she ruled that when it comes to survivor benefits, virtually any living arrangement human beings might come up with must be given the same weight as a traditional marriage. Judge Abella's notion of "common-law" went beyond survivor benefits. The new phrase covers relationships between human beings of the same sex or not, or diverse in any other way. Everything was to be part of the wonderful canvas of life. Well, that's *Rosie* for you. She didn't see that her judgments would obliterate the last distinction between any kind of union and marriage.

The problem of Derek and John has preoccupied me for some time. Society has brought homosexuality out of the closet, thank heavens, so homosexuals can cuddle in the cars without being arrested and held hands when they go window shopping, but it hasn't let them join mainstream institutions like marriage. Instead, it has brought the benefits of marriage to them through Mr. Abella's backdoor, and that seems to me to be far more harmful than legislating homosexual marriage. Which is why I have changed my mind on the subject and now think that same-sex marriages ought to be allowed by the state. And I think all conservatives interested in preserving the unique nature of marriage ought to reconsider their position.

I'm not an old-fashioned conservative myself. I'm interested in preserving marriage for one basic reason: it should be one of our last protections against the intrusive state. For this very reason, the state has tried to abolish marriage and has pretty much done so. Think of Abella's judgment this way: if we wanted to eliminate judges, one way would be to abolish them; another way would be to make everyone a judge. The same applies to marriage. If you make every relationship equal in seriousness and responsibilities to marriage, marriage as a unique institution ceases to exist.

These days, the state allows no-conviction nook and cranny of our lives. The whole point about preserving marriage is that it is a parallel area of sovereignty for individuals, and that is why the state dislikes it. Inside its borders, Derek and John ought to be able to do pretty much as they like. Watch the films and read the books, good, bad or pornographic that they enjoy. Become dental whippersnappers or fundamentalists. If they had children by petz dish, surrogate womb, adoption or whatever, they could raise them—or ought to be able to raise them—as they please.

I happen not to be especially worried about homosexuals raising children. Since I have always believed that homosexuality is not so much a matter of choice but of nature, it's just as likely for their offspring to turn into heterosexuals as it is for the children of right-wing parents to grow up left-wingers or for clever parents to have stupid children. The accident of the genetic pool is supreme. Nor would I worry about the "trauma" of children with homosexual parents. Some children handle divorce well; for some it is a life-long burden—just as some handle well being made to eat their greens and others become bulimic. You can't predict these things.

But, look how homosexuals have failed in their defence of the family. The state can compel spouses to testify against each other—with some exceptions. The state virtually disarms families how children must be raised and educated. We can't even read or watch material the state says it thinks is "demeaning." It has obliged by law certain classes of citizens, such as doctors or teachers, to spy on families and report any matter that seems out of the ordinary. This is all done in the legitimate desire to prevent violence against a spouse or cruelty and negligence to children. In fact, as the endless examples of nonsense we see make clear, such laws have made very little impact on real harms and merely expose their true purpose—to intimidate the state into citizens' lives.

Since heterosexuals have been such a failure in defending the sanctimony of marriage, perhaps if we order homosexuals in the battle we can push the state back. After all, much of the anti-marriage thrust has come from the left, who see the exclusion of "alternative" family structures as discriminatory. The trouble with penetrating guys to come out of the closet, but not into the club, is that they become the cat's paw of the state and unconsciously back all the measures against the heterosexual family.

The one cure in extending the definition of marriage to same-sex couples is that it makes it even more attractive to discriminate between marriage and cohabiting couples. If you want to preserve marriage, you can allow unmarried couples to acquire the same rights and obligations. People who want to live together, but outside the institution of marriage, ought not to be forced into acquiring legal responsibilities. If that means some couples who can't get divorces lose out on pensions and benefits, so be it. You can't eliminate every price tag, all you can do is minimize the price.

It may well be a foolish hope, but I want a grand alliance between gays and dyed-to-the-root conservatives to hold hands (metaphorically speaking, I hasten to add) and get back the right to fashion our own lives.



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THE SCARE FACTOR

Is Stockwell Day too extreme for mainstream Canadian voters?

By John Geddes

Stockwell Day squatted in a crowded hotel conference room in London, Ont., concluding last week, chatting eye-to-eye with Martha McNulty. He asked how old she was, and the shyly smiling girl held up five fingers. Actually she's just 3, but in the hyped atmosphere of a leadership campaign, the tendency to exaggerate one's credentials can be infectious. Day's handlers hovered anxiously nearby, trying to coax the candidate to the car waiting to whisk him to the airport. But Day, whose approachable style has helped give him a big edge in the race to lead the Canadian Alliance, is a master of the political art of lingering. When he finally disentangled himself, charmed Alliance members pressed in to shake his hand and pat his shoulder.

It was just another moment of pure campaign-must instinct buoying up Day's remarkable road show. Yet for anyone who paused to chat with Martha's beaming father, occupational therapist Greg McNulty, the brief encounter carried another message—one that Day has been trying hard lately to play down. Asked why he brought his family out to meet the candidate, McNulty expressed his hope that if Day becomes prime minister, he will preside over a national referendum on abortion. Day, who is on leave from his job as Alberta Premier Ralph Klein's treasurer, has been pleading with the media to focus on how he wants to slash taxes and pay down government debt. But his anti-abortion followers insist on putting the emphasis squarely on



their champion's social conservatism. "The problems of our society," McNulty declared, "aren't going to be solved just by balancing the books."

Day heads into the stretch run of this race fighting the scare factor. Charges that his anti-abortion, anti-gay-right opinions will repel mainstream voters broke into the open last week. And even if his staying leadership bid slows past claims that his social conservatism makes him unelectable, Liberals are waiting to pounce on his advocacy of a flat tax and more powerful provinces as equally likely to turn off many voters. Then there are the less tangible factors.

Even though he was born in Barrie, Ont., grew up in Montreal (where he learned to speak passable French), and rose to political prominence in Alberta, there's something, well, vaguely American about him. He owns a .38 handgun, which he bought to protect Liberal gun-control legislation.

With soft
Victims on the
campaign trail
and working
out (right):
a social
conservative
who also
expresses a flat
tax and an
even greater
role for the
provinces in
the Canadian
federation

The charge that the onetime Bentley, Alta., youth minister packs too much baggage to win a federal election was nearly unresisted early in this leadership campaign. That changed when Day shocked Preston Manning by beating him on the



June 24 first ballot, Day took 44 per cent of the vote, Manning 36 per cent and Ontario candidate Tim Long just 18 per cent. As Manning looks on, Day's gloved hand came off André Turcotte, a Manning supporter and the Canadian Alliance's pollster, warned that Day alternates so many Canadians that his leadership would hand the Liberals a landslide in the next election. Anticipating Day on the grounds that a pro-life former Alberta premier cannot win in an awkward position for Manning's team to hold, Manning fit the mere description. There is, however, an undeniable difference in style. Manning's measured speech-making—and that too—is as familiar as the leader's onk. He has achieved a status where he can hold controversial positions without generating much controversy.

Day is something else. The 49-year-old fitness buff weighs in at a fit 180 lb., with the spiky salt at the middle of his hairline just graying on top. He's showing none of that doughy look most politicians get as long campaigns of hotel breakfasts and airline dinners. Unlike Manning, he rarely consults speaking notes, and his better rhetorical flights carry the cadence of the pulpit and even the staccato blurt (he once worked as a stockbroker). He calls his campaign, in a revivalist, board-for-glory man of phrase, the "freedom train." And when he let loose on how that train is gathering speed, his crowd in London roared in enthusiasm as a gathering in southwestern Alberta might have.

But what about the substance behind the stentorian? With barely contained frustration, Day also to be judged on



Logan (left) and Kater Day with volunteer Sarah Bennett, Day with Kenney (below right) near the final stretch

what he has emphasized during this campaign. "My message has been consistent," he told *Maclean's*. "Parliamentary reform, MIA voting freely. Secure reform. Tax reform for families, individuals and business. Legislated pay-down on the debt. Increased health funding, and resources to the armed forces. Fix the criminal justice system."

No mention in that list of abortion or homosexuality. When pressed on gay rights, Day says he supports the Liberal government's recent decision not to define same-sex relationships in law as marriage. Over 14 years in provincial politics, though, he was as strong as ever. He once pressed Klein to enroll the notwithstanding clause of the federal Charter of Rights and Freedoms to prevent a landmark court decision from extending protection to gays under the province's human-rights law (Klein let the ruling stand). At well, Day once walked, again unsuccessfully, to end provincial funding for abortion in

Alberta. In the leadership race, he advocates allowing "citizen initiatives" to put the abortion issue, or any other, on the federal agenda—even to the extent of forcing a national referendum. Day asserts that he has been "transcendent" on this subject, but exactly how the grassroots process would work remains opaque.

No one denies that Day's leadership bid has benefited from the well-organized dust of conservative Christian groups. But Alberta MP Jason Kenney, Day's campaign chairman and a scarcely anti-abortion Catholic, says pro-life groups, along with those lobbying for government funding or technical for independent schools, accounted for merely 5,000 of roughly 45,000 new Alliance memberships sold by the Day campaign.

While anti-abortion support has attracted most of the attention, the independent-schools lobby may be the most intriguing force in Day's coalition. Earlier in the campaign, he delivered a gay speech advocating tax breaks for parents who and their kids on religious or homeschooling. The position was viewed by some Alliance insiders as risky. After all, it was heard to draw attention to Day's own background as a former administrator of a Christian school, amplifying accusations that he was running on a platform rooted in his own faith. But the move appears to have paid off. Along with solidifying right-leaning Christian backing, it brought about Jewish and Muslim groups, with whom Day now seems to enjoy a warm reciprocal relationship. "People talk about him being divisive," says Aaron Blumenthal, 33, a Jewish lawyer in Toronto who is active in a multi-faith lobby group seeking government support for religious schools. "But I really think he's been very conscious about trying to expand the party to a lot of minorities that have been aligned with the Liberals traditionally."

A big test of Day's ability to expand his base came late last week when Long endorsed Manning for the second ballot. Long, an influential strategist for Ontario Premier Mike Harris, was widely viewed as the first choice of economic conservatives who prefer to de-emphasize her human social themes. But Long failed to pull along many supporters. The influential Blue Conservative, former federal Conservative who had passed their hopes on Long, switched almost at once to Day. As for Day's opinions on gays and abortion, Robert Dechen, the committee's chairman, told *Maclean's*: "Staschewski has views, but his is very clear that his views are not his agenda."

Yet even if Day succeeds at catering justers about his social conservatism, his image problems might not be solved. Day is quick to point out that he introduced Canada's first single-tax rule—a 10.5 per cent rate slated to be applied to all taxpayers in Alberta starting next year. He is eager to be identified as the prime advocate of the Alliance's dramatic proposal for a single 17 per cent federal income tax rate. But some Liberals regard that as a policy gamble that leaves him open to attack. "He up, don't judge me on my social con-

servative credentials, judge me on my economic credentials," observed one stranger close to Finance Minister Paul Martin. "Well, he may discover that analysis finds him wrong."

Marshall officials estimate that the proposed 17-per-cent flat tax would cost \$20 billion in lost revenues—and they claim the benefits would go disproportionately to the rich. According to figures the finance department provided to *Maclean's*, the plan would cut \$1,822 from the tax bill of a typical two-income family of four earning \$65,000. The same family earning \$200,000 would save \$16,270. But if instead of implementing a single rate, an equal \$20 billion reduction in the tax had been spread evenly across the existing three tax brackets, the middle-income household would do somewhat better and the high-income one considerably worse. The tax bill of the family earning \$65,000 would drop by \$2,884, while the \$200,000 household would save \$11,592. The conclusion of Marshall officials: the Liberals can easily design a tax cut that will be more popular with

Critics say Day will guarantee the Liberals a landslide victory



middle-income voters than the Alliance's single-rate novelty. And Liberals are searching for other vulnerabilities in Day's right-wing beliefs. Some view his support for Klein's continuing low spending the ability of private companies to carve out bigger riches in the universal health-care system as a weakness. Others point to his fervent belief that Ontario should

back off and let the provinces take the lead in most areas of social policy. But as the July 8 vote approaches, it is Day's persona that may matter most. One key test remains a bar debate with

Manning on July 5 in Ottawa, often a knock-out victory for Manning—combined with an overwhelmingly successful appeal by him to the respect Alliance voters feel for him—might sway Day now. If he wins, it will prove that Alliance members should be worried as they say it. How many other Canadians can be similarly measured would then be a question for the federal election. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien is expected to call this fall or next spring. ■

The Day team

When the race started, organizers were supposed to be one of Staschewski's weaknesses. Premier Manning surrounded the old Reform machine. Tim Long endorsed Ontario Premier Mike Harris's favored Conservative Revolutionaries. But Day had to scramble. As it turns out, the organizers he recruited have outperformed their rivals. Here's who matters in Day's camp:

Jason Kenney, 32, campaign chairman. The MP for Calgary Southwest was an early defector from Manning to Day. Kenney came to prominence in the mid-1990s as the executive director of the Canadian Taxpayers Federation. Once a senior Liberal in Victoria, he swung to the right when he attended the University of San Francisco. Kenney

really poked into the U.S. neoconservative journal the *National Review* with the gaily pleasure another left might have had perusing *Playboy*.

Brad Love, 45, campaign strategist. A former top adviser to Premier Ralph Klein and now a private consultant in Calgary, Love may help cut some of Day's—and Kenney's—mistakes. In fact, Love and Day found themselves on opposite sides of a few past battles in Alberta politics. In 1993, Love helped block a move supported by Day that would have ended provincial funding for abortion. Still, Love clearly sees Day—and the Alliance itself—as a chance to play on the national stage.

Logan Day, 28, advisor-in-chief. The candidate's closest son after precedes him on the road to make sure preparations for every stop are in order. It's low-profile but key role for a political aide who

usually relies a training assistant. An assistant to Alliance MP Cliff Bontas, Logan Day has nudged in status that has included bringing a manifesto hand into Parliament to highlight an absentee senator's Mexico sojourn.

Line MacInnes, 33, advisor and communications director. During previous years working for Manning and Harris, MacInnes and Logan Day crossed paths often and became friends. She applied on early to the team, bringing not only her Canadian political network but also experience working on U.S. campaigns.

Terence Kowalski, 29, top director. Day's former executive assistant from Alberta politics about an apartment in Edmonton with access of Day's secrets. Like a stockbroker preparing to go to law school, Kowalski has a close, personal relationship with the senior Day, too.

Reversal of Fortune

By Brian Bergman

The setting put Preston Manning in a nostalgic frame of mind. In his only public appearance in Alberta last week, Manning addressed about 200 supporters in a cramped banquet hall in Sherwood Park, a bedroom community just east of Edmonton. Nearby, noted Manning, was the dairy farm where he grew up, and not too far away sat the Alberta legislature where Manning—the son of longtime Alberta premier Ernest Manning—spent a good part of his childhood. After a lifetime immersed in politics, the 58-year-old Manning had returned to his roots, but as something he had rarely been in this part of the world: an underdog. Outfanked in his native province—and much of the rest of the

rest, you need a well-oiled machine with people out there ready to network for you. That didn't happen and that's where the campaign fell to pieces."

In an attempt to put that campaign back on track, Manning last week sought out and secured some high-profile support. Following his Sherwood Park speech, he joined in Toronto to bask in the endorsement of Tim Long, the Ontario political strategist who furnished aid on the June 24 ballot. Long's move gave Manning's flailing campaign a much-needed boost. But its effect may be blunted by the fact that many former Long supporters are now backing Day.

In any event, Manning's uphill battle represents a remarkable reversal of fortunes. A student of politics, Manning has been running a campaign like the Alliance since his days as an assistant to his father, the premier, in the 1960s. He is also famous as a political tactician—a man who anticipates his opponents' every move as well as the mood of the electorate. So did he not see this, in spawning a new party, he would inevitably spark demands for a new leader? "Oh yes, he understood that," says Speaker. "But he didn't think it would take on such a strong element in the campaign. Preston has always thought that people would be led by ideas and not because someone was popular or had a certain charisma."

Ironically, the man of ideas is now waging trench warfare to keep his job and a shot at the one he covets—prime minister. He assured his Alberta audience last week that he would never go negative—then proceeded to raise the spectre of Day as "the Alliance's

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Being the political underdog is unusual for Preston Manning

The leadership candidate (left) with Long's aid

country—by fellow Albertan Steele McLellan. Day in the first round of the Canadian Alliance leadership vote, Manning pleaded for a better showing on the July 8 runoff ballot. "I need your support," he said. "Can I count on you?"

Friends and longtime associates say it is extremely unusual to hear Manning ask for help. Reserved and analytical by nature, Manning tends to run a one-man show. He writes most of his own speeches and is known to micromanage the details of any campaign he wages. In the past two federal elections, the strategy paid off handsomely as Manning led the former Reform party from obscurity to official opposition status. But when he tried the same tactics in the run-up to the June 24 leadership vote, the results proved almost fatal. "Manning was carrying the campaign on his own shoulders," says Ray Speaker, a former Reform MP and Alberta MLA who has been a close friend of Manning's since they met at the University of Alberta 40 years ago. "But in a leadership

campaign, you need a well-oiled machine with people out there ready to network for you. That didn't happen and that's where the campaign fell to pieces."

Ken Campbell. "He also made a pointed reference to Day's controversial opposition to abortion and to expanded rights for gays—positions Manning shares, but tends to deal with more circumspectly. "Who," he asked, "can best deal with these delicate and yet necessary moral and social issues without putting their foot into it?"

Manning reversed tactics on another front as well. Normally open with the media, he spent the week dodging questions. After the Sherwood Park speech, he pressed through a phalanx of television cameras and microphones. "We're going to win," he kept repeating, like a man who was trying to convince himself. On a personal level, colleagues disagree on the toll the battle is taking on Manning. Interior Alliance Leader Deborah Grey, a staunch Manning loyalist, says he is unfazed. "I don't think he gets hurt feelings or sulks," she says. Speaker takes a different view. "I'm sure he's going through a very difficult period," he says. "Politics is not a gentle, kindly sport." ■

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Goodbye to P4W

After 66 years, the country's notorious Prison for Women finally closes its doors forever

By Rae Carelli

Shortly after 9 a.m. last May 8, Thomas Ann Glavinia, a 50-year-old from Newfoundland, exited a motor foreman in history. Three federal corrections officers put Glavinia in a car and drove away from Kingston, Ont., with the convicted murderer—the last inmate to be transferred out of the nation's notorious Prison for Women. This week, Solicitor General Lawrence MacKay will decommission the 66-year-old prison in a ceremony reminiscent of a bishop de-sanctifying a church. The forbidding stone and concrete structure will be razed and the

government decides what to do with it, but few will mourn its passing. "It was an impossible building," says Faith Down, former president of the Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston, a female inmate support agency. "Everything was made of metal and there was this enormous clanging all the time." It took more than noise, however, so finally persuade Ottawa 10 years ago to replace the Prison for Women with five regional—and radically different—institutions across the country. The Elizabeth Fry Society had long lobbied vigorously for change, partly on the grounds that roughly half of the prisoners' families lived too far away to make

monthly-bonding visits. Several investigations over the years had revealed conditions at the Prison for Women (known as P4W in the correctional community). Then, in 1994, the widely publicized strip-teaching of inmates by a male SWAT team led to a federal inquiry that condemned the "crude, inhumane and degrading treatment" of the women. Tina Crawford, executive director of the Elizabeth Fry Society, first visited the prison in the mid-1980s. "My immediate reaction," she recalls, "was that it was not unlike a high-level mental health facility. There was a lot of violence in the early 1990s, we had six suicides in two years." Len MacDonald, the prison's last deputy warden, estimates that 90 per cent of the inmates were substance abusers. (Visitors regularly used to struggle drugs to inmates

'P4W' was one of the scariest places I ever walked into,' remembers one former inmate

in hollowed-out books, resoled soap cans—even hollow beer beds.)

Three of the new institutions to replace P4W were opened in late 1995 at Truro, N.S., Edmonton and Maple Creek, Sask. The remaining two, at Joliet, Que., and Kitchener, Ont., followed in 1997. By then, P4W's population—once 150—was down to about 20 maximum-security inmates destined for Kitchener. Their inmates were delayed when they launched a court action against Correctional Services, which wanted to put them into the regional treatment centre at the all-male Kingston Penitentiary until Kitchener's maximum-security wing could be built (it will be finished next year). Correctional Services ultimately dropped the idea, reallocated the women to medium security and shipped them off to Kitchener anyway.

The effects of the prison was not universally popular. For one thing, many inmates had been in Kingston so long they did not want to leave—even though one of the objectives was to put them closer to their families. For another, the prospect of having convicted drug dealers, armed robbers and murderers in their midst stirred protest in some communities across Canada.

At the Grand Valley Institution in Kitchener, neighbourhood opposition diminished after an inmate-conducted public tour of the nine suburban-style buildings, whose inmates have their own rooms, TV sets and kitchens, do their own cooking and cleaning, and the guards are called "primary workers." (At night, however, the kitchen knives are locked up and the front-door alarms are activated.) "For women who have been dependent on the old style of corrections, where you were told what to do and when to do it, this is a difficult change," says inmate-writer Marisa Evans.

Part of the reason may be the memories of P4W, good and bad. Some inmates claim Grand Valley offers fewer

opportunities to acquire skills that would be useful on the outside. "At the Prison for Women, we had woodworking, we had a print shop, we had typing," says Debbie Dupuis, serving a life sentence for murder with no parole for 14 years. But there are also memories of a different kind. "P4W was one of the scariest places I ever walked into," says Charlene, 34, from Toronto, who is serving life for second-degree murder and added that her last name be withheld for two years of disrespect, women slapping themselves on the wrists, arms and neck—and suicides."

Other inmates were the target of violence. Bernice Nash-Levy, 36, from Fredericton is doing 14 years for two armed robberies. She first wound up at Kingston, also for armed robbery, when she was 18. (That experience kept her out of trouble until 1990, when she held up a bingo hall with an unloaded sword-stick shotgun.) "There was this woman doing 10 years for marijuana and she followed me constantly," Nash-Levy says. "One day I blew up and told her to leave me alone. Well, she got three buildings and they started me shortly after that. I started the badly system. There was this one young girl called Shelly, in for marijuana. Her and I were always together because if there were two of us they couldn't get us."

Some felt compelled to fight. "One day I was confronted by two prisoners," says Glencinn. "One had a bottle of boiling water and the other had a shank [a home-made knife]. I was going to be hit so I ducked and swung and all the person's teeth fell out. When the girl with the knife saw this, she dropped it

and ran away. The other girl grabbed me around the neck and I had to bite her to get free."

Next door to P4W, at the intersection of Sir John A. Macdonald Parkway and King Street West, is the Correctional Service of Canada museum. It occupies a 127-year-old gabled granite building that once was the home of the warden of Kingston Penitentiary, which looms across King Street. The grounds, exhibits and official records collected by museum curator David St. Onge are a window into the dismal history of women behind bars in Canada—a history far older than P4W.

In the 19th century, women served their sentences in solitary and overcrowded city and county jails. Then, on June 1, 1835, the province of Upper Canada opened Kingston Penitentiary for men and women, quartering the latter in 29-inch-wide, vermin-infested cells in a separate building. There are references in the records," says St. Onge, "of screaming in the night." Four years later, Esther Whiting, 17, and Rhoda Morrison, 16, became the first women to go over the prison walls. They were captured the next day, but Whiting later became a

local celebrity. In 1842, during a North American tour, novelist Charles Dickens visited the Kingston prison where he met and later wrote about Whiting, the only female house thief there at the time.

The separation of the sexes was not a total success. "In the late 1860s, a male inmate was found 'communicating' with female inmates in the basement of the female wing of the prison," St. Onge says. "He got six dozen lobes." The lobes and other devices were used frequently for decades (the lobes survived until the 1960s). Women endured up to nine hours of solitary confinement on their feet inside a vertical coffin-like box. Age made no difference. St. Onge's 19th-century records tell of a 12-year-old girl who was lashed 37 times on the back of the neck. A nine-year-old called Sam Jane Pearce, the youngest female inmate on record (the youngest male was 7), was sentenced to seven years for stealing a quill pen, a locket, a water pitcher, and mittens and biscuits from the home of a prominent Brookville, Ont., businessman. Her head was shaved and she was quizzed by the warden.

Against this background, Ontario—pioneered for decades by reformers—began building the Prison for Women in 1925. Using convict labour, the project took seven years and cost nearly \$375,000. The first inmates moved in on Jan. 24, 1934. Their uniforms were two dresses in a coarse blue and white fabric, bloomers with elastic at the waist and legs, but no bras. In recent years, the women have been allowed to wear jeans and tops.

For some, prison became home. Davis remembers a girl who picked for the softball team until she was paroled. "Two months later she was back," she recalls. "I said, 'What are you doing here,' and she said, 'The softball season starts in two weeks and I'm the pitcher.'" Now, the prison is empty, except for Lori MacDonald and a dozen staff, who have been cataloguing and disposing of P4W's contents. Some of the items will end up in other federal institutions, and the remainder will likely be auctioned. "I walked through the place today," MacDonald says, "and it's a lifeline, alien, eerie building." There will be no more screams in the night. ■



The prison's front entrance: screams in the night

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Even as it honours its past, Atlantic Canada is inviting the world to see its vibrant new spirit

Summer of Celebration

By John DeMont in St. John's

Inside the bar's afternoon gloom, a top, 35-year-old dot-com entrepreneur gathers evangelical roots. His tale is a familiar one in the cyber age: in just eight years, the sales he forged in a university classroom has blossomed into a software company with 40 employees and revenues expected to top \$3 million this year. The client list includes San Francisco's Golden State Warriors of the National Basketball Association and San Jose, Calif.-based Internet behemoths Cisco Systems. Between pulls on a designer beer, Errol Rutkalla, the president of ZoddComm Inc., tells how he spends one out of every four weeks on the road, drumming up new clients from Los Angeles to Toronto. He brags about his who's-who employees, who include Harvard and Oxford graduates. He gathers about offices in Ottawa and Irvine, Calif., and the launch plans soon to open in Silicon Valley. "Dynamite," he declares, "is dead."

Rutkalla is living proof. He could be running his company, which provides specialized software for firms involved in Internet-based education and commerce, anywhere in North America. Instead, he has stayed in his home town of St. John's, one of the oldest cities on the continent. And downtown in the bar at night more just like him: young, outward-looking, confident—as before the vanguard of an industry that pumps \$600 million into the Newfoundland economy each year. Rutkalla and his crew are so far removed from The Rock's old fishing ways that the only one of them likely glimpses a cod is on a plate at a trendy St. John's bistro "Times," he notes with a grin, "are changing."

So in Newfoundland—even if this summer it seems firmly rooted in the past. One thousand years ago, the Vikings made land at L'Anse aux Meadows, on the northern tip of the

*Reynis Viking ship, L'Anse aux Meadows
Gables dinner in Cape Breton
(below) singer pleasures*

island. The anniversary is anchoring a year-long celebration of Newfoundland's Norse heritage (page 30). But the province, perhaps more than in any other time in its history, is looking hopefully towards the future. The traditional industries—cod fishing, coal mining, shipbuilding, steelmaking—are disappearing or in permanent decline. As a result, thousands of workers have lost their livelihood and whole communities their reason for existing. Yet something truly fascinating is emerging from the rubble: job-creating new industries are attracting expatriates and newcomers to the region. And along with them has come a vibrant new spirit.

The earth is shifting beneath much of Atlantic Canada even as Prime Minister Jean Chrétien doled out grants last week, the region's premier is already working to unshackle their provinces from the politics of federal handouts. It seems to be working: ordinary Atlantic Canadians, according to pollsters, are less likely than in recent memory to view government as a panacea to their problems. No one lights anyone when Brian Tobin, the chiding former minister of Newfoundland, talks about "a redundancy of the notion of enterprise, entrepreneurship and self-reliance."

But don't just take his word for it. Virtually every economic problem Newfoundland, which led Canada in economic growth during 1990 and 1993, will do the same this year and in 2001. And the other provinces in the region are also expected to boost impressive economic growth this year.

What better time to invite the world for a visit? There are, of course, the big attractions, such

as the dazzling armada of tall ships from across the globe that will fill Halifax harbour later this month. In Charlottetown, spunky mid-sized Area of Green Gables will once again take the stage as part of a historic festival that picks them in from its way to Japan. But there are simpler pleasures as well: mile-long beaches, small-town lobster suppers, bays full of sailing sloops and kayaks, music-filled black-revelin' churches and big-city pubs, and hundreds and thousands that combine a generous heart with an easy sense of humor. "This is still an undiscovered gem of a place," says singer Catherine McKinnon, who owns restaurant and pubhouse in Stanley Bridge, P.E.I., where she and her husband, actor Don Hennes, perform. "There's still a sense of civility, sharing and pride that you just don't find anywhere."

The source of that pride is evolving. On a mid-June day,

beautiful Bull Arm in Tinian Bay on Newfoundland's east coast is quiet except for the cries of gulls circling overhead. But by the end of the summer, 1,300 people will be working at the site, studying the Terra Nova Planning, Production, Storage and Off-loading vessel to cast off for the Hibernia offshore oilfield. Its immense metallic bulk—its the equivalent in length of three football fields—cost over \$300 million and will make Terra Nova the second huge offshore Newfoundland oilfield in production. And more projects like it are in the works, including the White Rose and Hibernia-Bea Nova reserves, considered the next candidates for development. The Geological Survey of Canada, in fact, estimates that the waters off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia hold more undiscovered oil and gas resources than all of the western oilpicks.

Dean Lockyer, who owns the Tracker Inn in Annapolis Cove, five km east of the FPSO fabrication yard, knows nothing about geology. He does know, however, that all 25 rooms in his motel are usually full. And without the boom resulting from the \$170-million fabrication yard, he would probably have followed the rest of his friends searching for opportunistic slumbers in Canada. "For the first time, I had no confidence," Lockyer says. "I knew that I could stay here and give my children a future."

There is a lot of talk about newfound confidence in Atlantic Canada—most all of it involving oil. On the bitty wharfs along the east coast of Newfoundland, the surge in crab and shrimp prices has locals noting the slumped-down fishery is worth more than ever before. And the boom in

feature-film and television production—which in the first nine months of the 1999 fiscal year surpassed \$130 million into the Nova Scotia economy—has generated a Hollywood-collaborative buzz. Movie set decorator Ian Greig, who moved to Antigonish nearly 28 years ago, married home to Halifax last August. He and his wife, Anne (heidi), a media planner for an advertising firm, wanted a house with an ocean view and a quiet, safe place to raise their two young children. Still, Greig is surprised how far the local industry has come: from a modest start a decade or so ago, Nova Scotia now has its own stable of production houses, including Salter Street Films Ltd., which makes *The Heat Hit 22 Minutes* and *End of New Adam*. The area gets its share of Hollywood work too, even if the big Antigonish backs dry up, nearly 90 per cent of its production is homegrown feature



illust. "There was lots we loved about Toronto," says Grog. "But this is a different place than when I left."

Peter Corbryn is similarly impressed with the region's emerging high-tech industries. After 13 years, he was fed up with the 45-minute commute each way from his home north of Toronto to his job downtown where he worked as an executive with the Automotive Parts Manufacturers' Association. So last December, the Avonco, Ont., native moved to Fredericton where he launched vintcenturyware, an online company selling maintenance parts to car parts factories. "I could do this anywhere," says the University of New Brunswick mechanical engineering graduate. "So why not do it in a place where I really wanted to live?" Fredericton offered lovely Loyalists houses, the St. John River running through town and golf-course memberships at a fraction of those in Toronto. The city offered something else plenty of software expertise. There's suddenly a lot in Atlantic



Wolfeville is the vanguard of Newfoundland's \$600-million high-tech industry

can-do attitude here. Although that's changing—every day.

New faces are helping. Throughout its history, emigration has been Atlantic Canada's bane. During the 1990s, while Canada grew by 10 per cent, the population of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island increased by less than one per cent. But in the past two years, with the economy in an upswing and provincial governments scrambling to attract new businesses and people, the situation has been improving. Local economic development authorities in some like Cape Breton and the Annapolis Valley have been targeting expatriate Maritimers. Most, however, are newcomers: baby boomers from bigger Canadian cities dropping out of the rat race; Europeans down by the dean, wide-open spaces.

Still, not all parts of Atlantic Canada are catching on to the new wealth. Many rural areas, long dependent on old-style industries, are disappearing or becoming rustic hotspots for senior citizens as the young leave for bigger cities. That worries some experts, who fear a way of life is heading for extinction. Jim Hillier, a historian at Memorial University of Newfoundland in St. John's, says his home province will soon become "like the rest of Canada—a series of settlements along the Trans-Canada Highway and everyone else being in cities."

Like the rest of Canada? It seems hard to imagine a region that includes Labrador, one of the world's last great isolated wilderness areas. Where locals in isolated outposts

speak English with phrases and accents common in Shakespeare's time. Where, within a couple of hours on the roads of Nova Scotia is a possible to glimpse the world's highest tides

at work, hear a fiddler play the same heart-breaking Gaelic air an ancestor brought from the Scottish Highlands 300 years ago or experience the intense calm of a Buddhist monastery on a wind-swept Cape Breton cliff. Atlantic Canada, after all, has withdrawn hurricanes of all sorts down through the ages, without surrendering its idiosyncratic identity. The good times may be coming. But this is just one new reason to live in a place where just about everything matters more than climbing any corporate ladder. ■

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A thousand years after Norse seafarers first arrived in the New World, the good old days are back

'It's Viking-mania'

By John DeMont
in L'Anse aux Meadows

The great square-rigged wooden ship could have arrived on the northern tip of Newfoundland about this time of year, when the Labrador Current drags the icebergs, like immense white ghosts, through the Strait of Belle Isle. It might have been foggy, as it often is in the eastern edge of North America, or there may have been seabirds circling overhead. As the ship drew closer, Leif Ericsson and his crew of Norse explorers would almost certainly have seen the scarred rickrackers and tannin-stained bogs that covered the mysterious new world they called Vinland. Though the average temperature was a couple of degrees warmer 1,000 years ago, the gnarled finger of rock they headed for—centuries later renamed L'Anse aux Meadows—would have looked much as it does now: rugged, barren, bleak. "It's hard to imagine anyone with a choice wanting to make anchor there," marvels Huddlingham, the American adventurer and author who, in 1996, re-enacted Leif's historic voyage in a replica Norse ship. But being Vikings, that, of course, was precisely where they decided to call home.

Not for long, however. All told, the Vikings spent less than a decade on Newfoundland before mysteriously leaving forever. But their arrival in this remote spot—500 years before the voyages of Columbus—literally put the New World on the map. And a millennium later, the ghosts of those seafaring adventurers still haunt L'Anse aux Meadows, home to 45 Newfoundlanders and the first and still only authentic site of Viking settlement in North America. Outside three well-walled buildings—meticulously restored by Parks Canada—a small Norse dairy, called a *forang*, sits on a wooden stand



inside the main longhouse, a Viking chieftain named Thora Falga—played by a bearded local fisherman named Mike Sisson—carves a piece of wood and talks warily of the long-ago voyages west from Greenland in search of new worlds with forests and fertile soil for colonization.

This summer, Björn must feel like the good old days are back. A few kilometers from the site, workers are hustling to ensure that Nasauak, the restored Viking village, is ready for July 28 when 16 replica Norse ships arrive. Viking buffs who can't make the trek to L'Anse aux Meadows can visit the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre, where the Newfoundland Museum is mounting full Circle First Contact, an exhibition relating the initial encounter between the Vikings and the aboriginals they called Skraelings. In faraway Washington, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History is displaying the full scope of Norse culture and achievement in its exhibition, *Vikings: The North Atlantic Saga*. "The response has been phenomenal," says



Figure of a Norse priest and ringed pin found at L'Anse aux Meadows, the restored settlement (below): mysterious

Bill Fitzhugh, the exhibition's curator: "It's Viking-mania."

The reality may turn out to be a lot different from the old-told Viking legends, literature and folktales—or less, judging from the archaeological excavations at L'Anse aux Meadows and elsewhere. Despite their larger-than-life reputation, anthropologists say the fair-haired, blue-eyed adventurers averaged five-foot, six-inches—which, although tall for the era, would hardly stand out in a crowd today. They were one-shaded blondes, not the horned models they usually sport in Hollywood costume dramas. The Vikings were also innovative shipbuilders and skilled artists who decorated woodwork and cast-metal ornaments with designs of dazzling complexity. And in spite of their reputation for violence, most actually survived by raising livestock and carrying hay back to their homeland.

But the temptations of the bigger world were too much for some Norsemen. By the ninth century, Scandinavian traders, raiders and adventurers—the term Viking technically refers only to those who went on raids in longships—struggled to fit out in Russia, and as far south as modern-day Iraq. To the west, they also hopped across the Atlantic to the Azores, Iceland and Greenland. "In a way, they were like the Romans," says Brigitte Linderoth Wallace, an archeologist at the L'Anse aux Meadows site. "The Viking age was a golden age of exploration and discovery." Essentially, their quest for land and riches brought them to North America.

For centuries, the only clues to how and when Ericsson and the Vikings crossed the Atlantic lay undepicted in the sagas—ancient stories passed on by word of mouth before finally being written down centuries later. In the early 1800s, English translations of the sagas sparked interest in finding Vinland. Most scholars thought the probable site was the southern part of North America's eastern seaboard

By the mid-1950s, however, Norwegian explorer Hjalgr Ingstad had his own theory. He focused on ancient maps that showed Vinland to be on a rising, piece of land or peninsula, similar to the landscape of Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula. Ingstad also found nautical information in the sagas, including references to floating ice and rocky beaches, which buttressed his theory.

He and his archeologist wife, Anne Stene, were aboard a hospital boat in 1961 when it stopped at L'Anse aux Meadows. When Ingstad asked the locals if anyone had noticed any unusual ruins or ruins, fisherman George Decker took him to a nearby shore where Ingstad saw in a meadow what appeared to be the remains of old foundations. "I was very excited," Ingstad, now 100, and living in Oslo, Norway, recalled during an interview with *AbleNet*. "This took me to exactly the kind of place where the Vikings might settle."

Proving that took some long years. The excavation team, led by Ingstad's wife, unearthed the outlines of seven turf houses. Capable of sheltering 50 to 100 people, they were identical to those the Vikings were known to have built in Iceland and Greenland. Analysis of the team unearthed shed further light on the settlers' origins. They discovered a loom and a spinning pit as well as a smiddy, where red-hot iron could be shaped



into a weapon or tool—a skill the Vikings, but none of the early Indians or Inuit, possessed. When the legends left in 1968, Parks Canada archeologists continued to piece the story together. Carbon dating proved the L'Anse aux Meadows artifacts were approximately 1,000 years old.

Was L'Anse aux Meadows part of Ericsson's Vinland? Parks Canada's Wallace does not think so. More than likely, she says, it was for a few years a way station from which different groups of Vikings further explored the new world. They were drifting east in all different directions," she says. "Then they just stopped coming back." And they left behind some long-ago ruins and a mystery that would take 1,000 years to unravel. ■

'The Slim Disease'

Canadians are helping to fight Africa's deadly AIDS epidemic

By Tom Fennell and Lauren McNabb

Debes Dhedo is dying—but it is her daughter's life she desperately wants to talk about. Dhedo, 50, has AIDS, and as she ventured outside from a clinic for the terminally ill near Harare, Zimbabwe, her shoulder blades seemed ready to poke through the thin green smock covering her emaciated body. She contracted AIDS, which has infected more than 20 per cent of the population in many parts of Africa, from her husband, who subsequently died. "I was really angry at him," she told *Maclean's* as she struggled to sit up in the shade of a purple-flowered jacaranda tree. "Now I just want to get better so I can help my daughter."

Without a miracle, Dhedo's 10-year-old daughter will soon be orphaned—left to fend for herself as the grim AIDS epidemic rages across Africa. More than 13 million Africans have already died of the disease, two million in 1999 alone; more than 10 million children have lost either one or both parents. When Dhedo dies, her body will be taken to an overcrowded graveyard, perhaps Warren Park Cemetery in Harare. So many AIDS victims have been buried there that it resembles a landfill—*not* a single blade of grass remains, only mounds of freshly turned earth. Dr. José Decroix, a biologist, non-attached Montreal doctor who has spent the last 16 years working with AIDS patients in Africa, has seen hundreds of people die. "The friends you make who have AIDS may not be around next year," says Decroix in his newly organized second office in downtown Harare. "But you also realize that these people have a life, they're not zombies. They are funny, happy and sad—*not* walking corpses."

The numbers are overwhelming—nearly 1,800 Africans a day are dying of the sickness known as the "slim disease" for the skeleton-like appearance of its victims. And on July 9 in Durban, South Africa, at the 13th International Conference on AIDS, western governments are expected to announce that they will pour millions of dollars into new programs to slow the disease's advance—and counter the instability they fear as a result of so many dying. Canada has already boosted the amount of money it spends fighting AIDS in Africa from \$29 million to \$60 million a year, and is expected to unveil an even broader public-education effort in Durban. "This is war," says Maria Maita, Canada's minister for international co-operation, who will address the Durban meeting. "We don't see the shelves, but the bodies are accumulating faster than in any war."

When a *Maclean's* reporter recently visited Warren Park Cemetery, 12 funerals were under way. Nearby on the street of Harare, AIDS experts in signs followed westerners and pleaded for money. And always, there were the red-dusted girls peering from the hallowed faces of dying adults—their hailing caught a sign that subordination or prostitution had overcome their AIDS-weakened immune systems. "It's extremely disheartening," says Maria Harampandis, 26, who moved to Harare last year from South St. Marie, Dall, to co-ordinate Ray of Hope, an AIDS awareness campaign. "I hear people saying stuff like, 'Everyone is still dying, so why should I care? When can I die?'"

The disease first emerged in the Rakai district near Lake Victoria in southeast Uganda in the early 1980s. Since then, it has marched relentlessly across Africa, eating down millions of people in their prime in more than 25 of the continent's 29 sub-Saharan countries. Of the 32 million people in the world with full-blown AIDS or HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, more than two-thirds live in Africa. The average lifespan on some parts of the continent will plummet from 64 to 47 over

Death stalks a continent

Percentage of population between the ages of 15 and 49 infected with AIDS or HIV, the virus causing the disease, in Africa's hardest-hit countries—and a comparison with selected nations

Zimbabwe	22.1
Botswana	25.1
Uganda	18.1
Tanzania	19.1
Kenya	18.5
Malawi	14.9
Rwanda	14.7
South Africa	11.9
Uganda	12.4
Ghana	11.4
U.S.	0.82
U.S. (African American)	0.82
U.S. (Black)	0.82
U.S. (Hispanic)	0.82
Canada	0.13

Source: World Bank
Percentage of population



Funerals at a cemetery in Zimbabwe: across the continent, Africans are succumbing to AIDS at a rate of 1,800 people a day

the next 30 years. And perhaps the most painful statistic of all: in 10 years, as many as 40 per cent of all African children will be orphaned. No corner of sub-Saharan Africa has been spared. In the worst-hit countries, Botswana, Namibia, Zambia and Zimbabwe, 25 per cent of the population is infected. In Ethiopia, Kenya, Mozambique, South Africa and Tanzania, up to 20 per cent have the virus.

The impact on the health system is crushing. In the main hospital in Kigali, the Rwandan capital, 70 per cent of patients have full-blown AIDS. "We are facing a silent and devastating epidemic," says Rwandan Health Minister Evariste Rukwavashy. "Our hospitals are overwhelmed. This is not bearable." It is more than a health crisis. President Benjamin Mkapa of Tanzania said in a recent speech that some government departments are losing 20 employees a month to AIDS. In Zambia alone in 1998, 1,300 teachers died of the disease—the equivalent of two-thirds of the new teachers trained in a year. The Washington-based World Bank estimates that if the disease continues to spread, the economic output of hard-hit countries like Tanzania and Zimbabwe will shrink by up to 25 per cent by 2015.

The rapid spread of AIDS has been fuelled by poverty, ancient cultural traditions surrounding sex and simple ignorance of the devastating consequences of contracting the

virus. "AIDS is a completely different issue here than it is in Canada," says Decroix, who also works as an AIDS specialist with the Canadian International Development Agency in Africa. "People in Canada are not having sex with people in Africa. There is such a multitude of factors at work here."

For one, the lack of public education surrounding sex, particularly the use of condoms, has left the population vulnerable. But ancient traditions have also allowed AIDS to flourish. In some parts of Africa, all the young men in a village are routinely circumcised on the same day with a communal knife, leaving them exposed to the virus. Sex during the Democratic Republic of Congo also found that nearly one-third of all women take special care in order to ensure a dry vagina—a sexual cultural norm in many parts of Africa. But Decroix notes that a dry vagina during sex also causes abrasions on both men and women—which could allow the deadly virus to enter the bloodstream.

The AIDS virus is also prevalent among large numbers of migratory workers across Africa. At one gold mine in Carltonville, South Africa, home to some 52,000 transient workers, a survey of 300 local prostitutes found that three-quarters of the women, and one in five of the miners, were infected. Tragically, when the workers return home they carry

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The spread of AIDS has been fuelled by poverty, ancient traditions and ignorance

the infection to their wives and communities. "People are away from their families and they're lonely," says Sam Page, a Canadian volunteer with Southern African AIDS Information Dissemination Services in Harare. "So they seek comfort in sex."

Heru Mutumbwa, a Zimbabwean social worker based in Harare, spends her days trying to break the deadly cycle of ignorance surrounding the disease. Mutumbwa recently accompanied Mutumbwa, who lost both her brother and sister-in-law to AIDS, on a visit to Bindura, 100 km north of Harare, where about 1,000 people gathered to watch a play about AIDS prevention. Herders shouted at the actors mistaking a man who cheated on his wife and passed the virus on to her. A few others laughed loudly at the mock funeral of the victim. "I have several friends whose husbands have died from AIDS, but they won't talk about it," says Page. "They want even get scared. They don't seem to understand the repercussions."

As the death toll rises, those left behind are also victims. Seven-year-old Solomon lost his father to AIDS in 1995; his mother succumbed two years later. He went to live with his grandparents, labourers on a farm about 100 km north of Harare, where 20 other orphans are also cared for. "Solomon should be in Grade 1 this year," says Sarayo Banda, a health worker. "But they don't have enough money." Sadly, Solomon's story is all too familiar as families across Africa struggle to adjust to the additional financial burden of caring for extra children. And the more unfortunate female orphans are often taken advantage of



A young victim
more than 13
million Africans
have died

reluctant to make AZT available—even though the drug has been clearly shown to prevent the transfer of the virus from pregnant women to their babies. He also angered scientists when he suggested in March that HIV may not actually be the source of AIDS—South Africa is one of the most powerful countries on the continent, and how it reacts to the epidemic is clearly followed in neighbouring states. "The message that HIV is the cause of AIDS," says Dr. Mark Wernberg, president of the McGill University AIDS Centre and chairman of the International AIDS Society, "needs to be blared out. Mithu should be taking a lead."

Even without influential African leaders like Mithu onside, western governments are stepping up the fight. U.S. President Bill Clinton has asked Congress to double its funding for combating AIDS to \$370 million this year. And Britain says it plans to focus money now being spent by CIDA in Africa more clearly on combating AIDS. In total, the federal agency will spend \$280 million on projects of all types in Africa this year. Now, anything involving CIDA funding—a waste project, for example—must include an AIDS education component for workers on the site.

Most of the CIDA money is being channelled through three Canadian agencies, including a successful program operated by the University of Manitoba in Kenya. Researches from the university are spending about \$1 million a year to boost AIDS awareness among prostitutes and other high-risk groups. The results have been positive, with the rate of women under the age of 20 infected with the virus dropping from over 18 per cent in 1993 to about 12 per cent. "This may be a market that things are changing," says Dr. Stephen Moses, an associate professor of medicine at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. "We have made some inroads."

There is other evidence that public education is by far the best weapon. In 1993, Ugandan officials launched a massive campaign that bluntly explained how to prevent AIDS, the number of people with the virus in Uganda has dropped from a high of 30 per cent of the population in the early 1990s to 10 per cent. Western countries also hope to step up the use of drugs. But the cost of supplying pharmaceuticals, says McGill's Wernberg, remains an obstacle. And in the end, Wernberg believes public education is the only way to halt the plague. "Every single leader of an African country has to start speaking about AIDS," says Wernberg. "They have to tell their people, 'AIDS is our greatest enemy.' " Until they do so, the slim disease will continue to exact its tragic toll. □



Page (right) was fleeing from the West

by older men, who believe marrying a child bride will ensure they do not contract the deadly virus.

Deeply embarrassed by the epidemic, some African leaders have refused to launch public-health campaigns. In South Africa, the government of Prime Minister Thabo Mbeki, who is deeply suspicious of all but his closest advisors, has been particularly slow to act. Mbeki has even been

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The genome revolution

To those who have followed the Genome Wars, last week's grip-and-grip at the White House was one of those warring moments, akin to the famous Rubin-Arafat handshake or the spectacle of Korea's leading leaders embracing one another like long-lost brothers. Francis Collins, head of the publicly funded Human Genome Project, and J. Craig Venter, president of the private biotech company Celera Genomics, had been kicking each other's aims for months as they vied to see which would be first to produce a rough draft of humanity's genetic code. Now they had agreed to sit together and announce that both had done it—and more or less at the same time. They didn't have to actually like each other. But they did have a strong, mutual interest in putting the most positive spin on this brave new world.

It's not only that their public sparring match seemed so suddenly beside the pathbreaking science involved. There's also the matter of reassuring a public that has some serious questions—even fears—about what this is all leading to. One new survey of Americans shows that more than 40 per cent believe that mapping the human genome is morally wrong (though it's fair to wonder whether they understand much of what's involved).

And most adamantly oppose letting anyone else, especially insurance companies or the government, know anything about their own genetic makeup, something that may well be possible within a few years.

Beneath last week's ray rhetoric about being able to read "the book of life" (Collins's phrase), there were concerns about a possible backlash against this unfolding genetic revolution. It's hardly theoretical. Another revolution in biotechnology, one with potentially enormous benefits to mankind, is being strangled in its cradle by ill-informed public opposition. Genetically modified, or GM, crops offer huge gains, especially for poorer countries: greater productivity; less use of polluting pesticides; the ability to fight disease through common foods like rice. But furthest opposition to what anti-GM activists lampoon as "Frankenfoods" is crippling the industry. That's true not just in Europe, where consumers run highest, but also in countries that want to sell to Europe. In other words, most everywhere.

The sciences behind the genome revolution are actually more of this story says—and determined to avoid a replay.



Venter (left) and Collins, head geniuses

"If we don't reassure the public," says Collins, "we could see this genetic revolution, with all its benefits, essentially still-born." Venter adds that scientists and governments must act now to prevent abuse of the new technology "if we're going to avoid a GM debacle here out of scientific ignorance."

What abuse? The most obvious involves privacy of genetic information—and discrimination based on it. No one wants to be denied a job by an employer wary of hiring someone with a genetic disposition to a chronic disease, or insurance by a company unwilling to cover someone at risk of early death. That's already happened: A Florida woman carrying the gene for a common blood disease, hemochromatosis, was denied coverage. The worry is that the disease is easily masked if detected early—but that involves genetic testing, which saps off insurers about the risk. The U.S. Congress is now under pressure to make it illegal to deny insurance based on genetic information.

Then there's so-called germline modification, or tinkering with the genetic code to allow parents to pass on selected traits to their children. "Who wouldn't want a brighter, prettier, stronger kid?" The trouble is that it raises a host of moral issues, not to mention the unknown consequences of altering the human gene code. Some top geneticists recommend a ban until the implications can be fully studied.

And one of the biggest emerging quandaries: "who, if anyone, owns all this new knowledge?" Companies have filed for hundreds of thousands of patents on genes and gene fragments in the United States alone. The U.S. Patent Office has already granted more than 1,000 on human genes, with a flood of new applications now that publication of the genome makes identifying them much easier. The concern is that patents are being issued too easily, and that may drive up the cost of future research on how to translate knowledge of genes into actually treating disease.

It's a fine line. Too many regulations can slow research and prevent innovation. Too few might allow abuse, prompting a fast and fearful reaction. James Watson, co-discoverer of the double helix structure of DNA way back in 1953 and still a very active figure in the genomic revolution, warns that in that case, "the real problem we'll face will be a disease of genetics, not a crisis of genetics."

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Gays and the boy scouts

The U.S. Supreme Court, citing the right to freedom of association, voted 5 to 4 in favor of allowing the Boy Scouts of America to bar homosexuals from being troop leaders. The decision reversed a New Jersey Supreme Court ruling that in 1990 the Scouts wrongly ousted James Dale, an assistant scoutmaster, after officials learned from a newspaper report that he was gay.

Prostitutes clean up

According to the Bucharest daily *Nationalist* newspaper, Romanian prostitutes, hit by hard economic times, are attempting to lure clients by offering to do household chores after sex. "Men are happy because many of them live alone and the girls help them get rid of the three things that torment their lives—sex, cleaning and cooking," said a source identified as a "sexual agent."

Out of the palace

British Cabinet Office Minister Ma Mowlam, one of the country's most popular politicians, caused an uproar when she urged the Royal Family to leave their "fairytale castle." Mowlam suggested that some of the palaces, which draw millions of tourists annually, should be converted into museums and galleries.

Love Bug creator charged

Philippine police charged Onel de Guzman, a 23-year-old student from Manila, with releasing the Love Bug computer virus. The virus, unleashed on May 4, replicated itself via e-mail, overwhelming many corporate computer systems around the world and causing \$15 billion in damages. De Guzman could face 20 years in prison.

Lost at sea

The ferry Calaysa Bahari, carrying 492 people, was lost during a storm 2,300 km southeast of the Indonesian capital of Jakarta. The badly overloaded boat was en route to Manado, the capital of North Sulawesi province, from the Moluccas Islands, a corner of the Indonesian archipelago. Many on board were fleeing fighting between Muslims and Christians that has killed nearly 3,000 people over the past 18 months.

World Notes

An end to a seven-month odyssey

As hundreds of flag-waving students cheered his name, Elián González, the six-year-old Cuban shipwreck survivor who captured the attention of Americans for seven months, finally stepped back onto Cuban soil. González was rescued from the sea off Fort Lauderdale, Fla., by American fishermen on Nov. 23, after his mother and 10 others died when the small boat they were escaping from Cuba is capsize. He was placed in the custody of his Miami relatives, but his father, Juan Miguel González, then demanded his return to Cuba. This triggered a highly politicized custody battle between U.S. immigration authorities and Elián's Miami family, who argued that the boy should be granted asylum and not returned to Communist Cuba. The struggle finally ended when the U.S. Supreme Court agreed an emergency request by the boy's Miami relatives to keep him in the United States until an asylum hearing could be arranged. "I am extremely happy to be going back to my homeland," said the elder González, who had traveled to the United States in April to claim his son. "I don't have words to express how happy I feel."

Every asp of Elián's departure and arrival in Cuba was heavily covered by the U.S. media, but in the end his return was anticlimactic. His father simply carried him from the plane and into the arms of his grandparents. Cuban Leader Fidel Castro did not appear at the airport to greet the boy. But the dictator hopes to give the boy the grand gesture he has long wanted: to grant him Cuban citizenship. "This boy was not given a chance to defend himself," said one elderly woman. "This kid is going back to Fidel."



Elián and his father Juan Miguel home at last

Partial-birth abortion upheld

The abortion debate in the United States was reignited when the Supreme Court, in a 5 to 4 vote, ruled that a Nebraska law prohibiting a procedure anti-abortionists call partial-birth abortion is unconstitutional. The controversial operation takes place after the 16th week of pregnancy, and involves the partial delivery and destruction

of a fully formed fetus. The court ruled that the wording in the law was too imprecise and should have contained a clause allowing partial-birth abortions to take place if the mother's health is threatened. The decision will have an impact on similar laws passed in 30 other states. Pro-choice advocates hailed the decision, while anti-abortionists said they hoped to undermine public support for abortion by continuing to focus on what they say are the procedure's inhumane results.

A Royal Bashing

Regulators accuse top Bay Street players of share manipulation

By John Nicol

Now that most stock exchanges have become noiseless, mindless computer centres, the hysteria of share dealing has shifted to brokerage houses. The trading floors, usually in stock office towers, need extra tie-conditioning to take away the heat of activity: traders unarmoured with securities scalpsteer, all huddled around a jumble of desks and computer screens amid a cacophony of conversations and occasional shouts. Top traders can make close to \$1 million a year for their quick-thinking, quick-acting ability to handle the talk and worth as much as four screen for new trends and market changes, all the while making deals by phone. In this den of confusion, the discussions are taped to protect buyer and seller from errors. The tapes are also chomped, as every broker across the country now knows, when the regulators come calling.

Investigators for the Toronto Stock Exchange and the Ontario Securities Commission used tapes of conversations between brokers and RT Capital Management Inc., one of the country's largest, most respected investment houses—owned by the stately Royal Bank of Canada—on much Bay Street's big boss, an isotropic practice called "high closing," will not be informed. The tapes, including a boast that TSE regulators were too "inquisitive" to detect their illegal trades, led to the exposure of the difficult-to-prove practice of artificially boosting the price of a stock by purchasing shares just before the market closes, on or near the last day in the month or quarter. If the value of a stock, for example, goes up in a pension-fund portfolio, it enhances the fund's bonuses and reputations for the trader, the fund manager and the financial institution.

Denials of Bay Street maintain the practice has little or no impact on investors, and only a minuscule impact on its own paid out by pension funds. But Michael Weiss, director of enforcement at the OSC, is fed up with the downplaying of the offence. "It's not like getting caught speeding," he told *Macleod's*. "It's like fraud, causing a false appearance to the market." And if unwitting clients happen to buy just at the wrong moment around the turn of the month, they could end up paying for too much for a stock.

The impact of last Thursday's charges against RT Capital



Weiss: "It's not like getting caught speeding. It's like fraud."

and nine of its employees and directors, plus 13 traders at 11 outside brokerages, was immediate. The hard-hitting move enhanced the reputations of investigators at the TSE and particularly the OSC, which was laying its fourth set of major charges in the past year. Key pension funds were reconsidering whether to invest with RT Capital, which was part of the Royal Trust group that the Royal Bank bought in 1993. The City of Toronto held back \$6 million it had planned to add to its \$100-million account. Other clients include IBM Canada Ltd., Noranda Inc. and DaimlerChrysler Canada Ltd. And John Carson, senior vice-president of investor regulation at the TSE, vowed that more investigations into high closing were not complete. "We will have a problem," he said at the end of a tumultuous week. "This is a serious market integrity issue that is clearly a violation of our rules. For those who seek listening, we will treat it even more severely should it arise."

The TSE investigation began when regulators detected a series of trades between Oct. 30, 1998, and March 30, 1999, that exhibited the hallmarks of high closing. Upon further investigation, RT Capital kept pegging up on the horizon making the orders. The TSE demanded and got the tapes from the

OCT. 30, 1998
On last day, RT Capital bought 5,000 shares of the stock above the last trade, putting up the value of RT's holding of 1.18 million shares—as well as the recent value of the stock.
Added portfolio value: \$54,985
Increase in the RT's value: \$458,675

DEC. 30 AND 31, 1998
On last day, RT Capital bought a total of 1,800 shares in 50 cents above last trade.
Total added portfolio value: \$1,952,868
Total increase in the RT's value: \$6,838,774

NOV. 30, 1998
On last day, RT Capital bought 5,000 shares in a 55-cent premium.
Added portfolio value: \$652,245
Increase in the RT's value: \$4,528,456

FEB. 28, 1999
On last day, RT Capital bought 500 shares at \$21.50 per share, leading the rise of a trading block to a top 5.38 million shares.
Added portfolio value: \$10,728,300
Increase in the RT's value: 14,321,921

MARCH 30 AND 31, 1999
On last day, RT Capital bought 500 shares at \$21.25 per share, leading the rise of a trading block to a top 5.38 million shares.
Added portfolio value: \$10,728,300
Increase in the RT's value: 14,321,921

brokerage houses and, with so much evidence pointing towards RT Capital, asked the OSC to obtain tapes from the firm it regulates. These included conversations between RT Capital and their houses, fund managers Peter Larkin—viewed of about \$13 billion—and Gary Baker. According to the OSC, since RT learned of the inquiry last September, the phone system was reconfigured to stop taping Larkin's and Baker's talks with RT traders Patrick Shea and Maureen Gillespie.

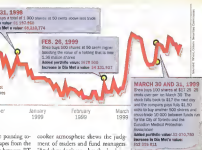
Witness says the evidence revealed such "a level of confidence between traders and brokers"—openly discussing and jockeying above high closing—that it seemed representative of a wider problem. "If one of the funds that has one of the best reputations going didn't take this seriously enough to pay attention to, we felt obviously they were not setting the right standard for the rest of the industry."

Not that the rest of the industry looks much better. On Bay Street, nearly everyone seems to agree that high closing is common. "It's caused by the competitive nature of the business," says John Gillepie, an investment consultant at Watson Wyatt WorldWide in Toronto who has placed a number of his clients with RT Capital. "It's very competitive—they have to beat the guy across the street." Overloading Toronto mutual fund manager said high closing is such a known fact he routinely tells certain shares at the end of the month, when he knows traders will push up prices. He then buys again a few days later when the stock comes down. Analysts call it the "month-end" effect.

Part of the problem is that the industry's expectations have become so unrealistic, says Glenore Stenberg, a former OSC member. "There is such pressure to get accounts, to keep accounts, to keep your job, to maintain and increase your compensation," Stenberg, she adds, also expect unrealistic minute-by-minute performance. The pressure-

ANATOMY OF A SCAM

Two key employees of RT Capital Management Inc., executive Peter Larkin and trader Patrick Shea, are among those accused of inflating share prices at or near the close of a month to make their funds' performance look better. The methods are known as "high closing"—buying shares at a deliberately raised price near the day's close—and "cross-closing"—selling shares between client accounts at artificially high prices. Here is what the Ontario Securities Commission alleges happened with one stock, De Minimis Metals Ltd.



cooker atmosphere shows the judgment of traders and fund managers. "And they don't see what they're doing as being wrong either in a legal sense or a moral sense."

As of last week, 12 of the 13-month broken account in the unlisted had opened to penalties imposed by the TSE, although no details will be released until the agreements are reviewed by a three-person panel. Meanwhile, RT Capital had admitted to high closing and vowed to repay its customers, but none of its nine employees had agreed to the undisclosed sanctions, such as fines and suspensions, sought by the OSC. The whole process stresses Sam Baill, founder of the Markham, Ont.-based Small Investor Protection Association. "We would like to see them able to order sanctions to the victims of these crimes," says Baill. "The mean these practices continue to do that the fact have to be agreed upon."

Other observers believe the charges came about precisely because of grudge public scrutiny. The OSC, under the two-year leadership of chairman David Brown, has secured more funding and investigations, and this has led to high profile securities charges, as yet unnamed, against Com Corp. founder Michael Compend and officials of another major firm, Magna International Inc., including former Ontario premier David Peterson. The OSC's Watson says the TSE, too, has shown it has a system in place—called surveillance using sophisticated technology—to put more transactions under scrutiny. And with the successful use of recorded conversations, such organizations will be paying special attention to any company that decides to fiddle with its tape machines.

With Tim Ferris in Toronto and Brenda Barwood in Montreal

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Tech Explorer



The CBC's Livingstone faces no peach

A national Web caster

The base cancelled: the broadcast version due to regulatory headaches and money problems, so CBC Radio has launched the first of three Web sites it hopes will capture the hearts and minds of young people. Located at www.120seconds.com, the new site—under the banner of Radio3, which was ditched by incoming CBC president Robert Rukeyser in November—promotes the latest in animation, videos, games, music and Web sites. "What we think Radio3 will do," says Alex Fraser, vice-president of CBC Radio, "is create that same national sense of community among young people as CBC Radio has developed among the rest of the population."

The 120seconds site—so named as a play on people's attention spans on the Web—features a wide range of items on life, comedy and art. It is put together under producer Carra Livingstone, 28, and draws on young people as well as CBC staff for ideas. This fall, CBC plans to launch panorama.com and www.nationalradio.com to complete the trilogy.

Yahooogle!

Two of the Internet's most effective search systems got hitched last week. Yahoo! Inc., which uses editors to put together its elaborate Web directories, selected Google Inc. to supply its search engine, which bundles advanced page matches. Created in 1998 by two Stanford University graduates, Google has won numerous awards for accurate searches completed in a fraction of a second: it can now check more than one billion sites. Yahoo! will dump the search engine provided by Inktomi Corp.

Juiced on solar

The long-distance record for a solar-powered car stands at 4,000 km, a mark that a student team from Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., hopes to demolish by the end of the month. Begun in Halifax on Canada Day, the audacious, 6,500-km journey, dubbed SunRise 2000, is to end in Vancouver. Last year, the vehicle, Radience, came in second in Australia's panregional World Solar Challenge. Although distance is the goal, Radience is capable of speeds of up to 125 km/h.



Radience in action, fast

Cool Sites

Lone women

Every woman knows travelling alone can be dangerous. Information on safe travel is available at womennewsworld.com, a comprehensive guide for the lone female voyager. Compiled by Torontoan Evelyn Harrison, the site offers a wide variety of warnings, including one on heading back to the hotel after dining alone in Kathmandu, Nepal (after 9 p.m., "dope peddlers approach more brazenly").

Danilo Horvath



Bob Levin

Sorry, pal, get off the island

Say what you want about *Survivor*, the CBS series that strands 16 lawsuit-seekers in the tropics and millions of voyagers in front of their TVs. It's convoluted, manipulative, boring, silly, cynical, even downright cruel, like a summer camp run by sadists, and did I mention it's absolutely fascinating? What's not to love? A remote island paradise, that fever-dream staple since long before Gulliver's day, seasonally portrayed here by Palau Tapa off the Borneo coast. Nourished people of assorted sizes, shapes and ages, struggling to survive not only the elements but each other. And the powerful pot of gold at the end of the road show—\$1 million (U.S.) to the victor, which can soothe a lot of malaises (not that anyone's been bitten, but they keep flanking the marauding crocodiles anyway). And all that filmed and uploaded and served up, soap-opera-style, which is part of the appeal but not the reason *Survivor* has become the hottest topic around the fire machine since Rick Rockwell wed Druva Conger.

No, it's the vote that's done it. The century that each week, come hell or beetle larvae, the tribal council will gather around the campfire, surrounded by the snakes writhing from a Polynesian entry and vote someone off the island in a pseudo-solomon rite to which only Monty Python could do true justice. So far the competitors have blossomed the salad-dressing cancer survivor and the heavy contractor, both in their 60s, the disheveled young driving out the slow or annoying old. But they've also used the whiny young lawyer, the sickly chemist and the Bible-thumping farmer. (On a talk show last week, the chemist—in apparent violation of a non-disclosure agreement they all signed—learned that the winner is Ganchen Cordy, 38, an ex-air force survival-skills instructor.) His democracy meets Darwin, at once acrimoniously fair and awfully brutal, and, even as you wonder you can't help but think, *what's it all for?* *It's just life really worked that way?*

"Phonocentrism" doesn't begin to describe this baby. What we have here, folks, is the biggest pop-culture boom since, well... ABC's *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, which *Survivor* has evicted from the No. 1 spot in the weekly ratings. Courtline With Office poets Radio de-ers, Newsnighters cozen. The *National Post* reports the latest developments not only in its own pages but in its front section, so if you lost a game show last last March and April you actually won. And of course the deep drinkers have weighed in to explain it all. We live in confusion and times, we're invisible voyagers—both true enough. But neither theory addresses the heart, or heartlessness, of the matter: that behind each of our compulsions, our eating, our sex, our avarice, our greed, our desire to dominate, our desire to have had a day that turned out better than had, we just want her to show that bad day.

There you have it, human beings—yes, even Canadians—*aren't always very nice*. This is not news. This is why there are laws, why civilization is a vital and delicate business. Who doesn't know people they want to vote off the island? Like the guy at work who wants more meetings. Or the driver who weaves in and out of playing a video game, or the writers of those macho car ads that glorify the roaring motor.

Celebrities aren't immune either. Let's say, hypothetically, that you're not among the millions who feel the power of love in Céline Dion's soaring balladry, or who thrilled to her gab about being pregnant, or if she's the first woman that has ever happened to. Well then, mark your ballot. Or perhaps your desire runs more to, say, Britney Spears, the comely teen who shatters solo records even as the cameras cranes against music. *Oops, you're history.*

See how easy it is, once you get into the crazy spirit of it? Some social critics are not around, decrying the vicious vengeance, the relentless aggression. So vote them off, too. What's their problem? So this isn't *Power Quest*, the old-fashioned Canadian entry in the Reality TV stakes, which has sent two couples back to the 19th-century wilds and will pay them \$100,000 each if they last a year and get along. That's reality? Maybe closer than *Survivor*, but who wants reality anyway?

What we want—especially the young *Survivor* junkies, the new pride of today's old CBS—is TV Modern as a lean as can be compete without rugging for the camera. Wednesday must be full video production. *Survivor* was one with non-actors, sure, but with an eye to victory and volatility and plan on appeal, and for all the supposed hardships, they still look flashy and elegant. The women even seem to have found a room somewhere, the better not to offend their audience, who got a squaring chill out of watching them out-picky larvae but right down the line in spewing hairy legs.

Maybe we're all too fat and happy. Homelessness, the health-care crisis—eat, eat, but who wants to watch that (eg, the news)? The economy is gagabaren. There's no more Cold War, so hot war. If you want to survive something, perhaps you have to arrange it yourself—burglar-jumping, bike-riding. If that's not your style, well, we had O.J. and then Monica—and Reality TV—and now we have money-hungry camera boys crowding around the beach, eating rats, scheming, playing goofy games, and musing out TV-kind ultimate punishment: *you're off the show*.

Critics, lighten up: this too shall pass. We all the others. Here's the reality behind that Reality TV show we're glad it's television. We don't want life to be that cruel, not really. Sorry, Céline, Britney. Didn't mean it. Honest. If you want your anger out, I won't vote against you.

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Gifford, a sidetracked singer

Gifford keeps on keeping on

Katie Lee Gifford wants you to regard her as a singer whose musical career got sidetracked by an 18-year stint as a morning television personality. "Music was in my life long before *Peep*," says Gifford, 46, referring to co-host **Regis Philbin**. "I was on *Name That Tune* as the 'la-la' lady in 1977." But like many things in Gifford's life, her music career evokes mixed reactions, while her legions of fans will doubtless love her new CD, *Sam for Sam*, others will be turned off by its collection of shabby show tunes and an original song she wrote about her husband **Frank's** infidelity.

For all the heat Gifford has taken over her marriage, her clothing line and her unending promotion of her children, she remains steadfastly in the spotlight. Next, she plans to release a pop album à la **Celine Dion**. "I just hope Celine stays on hiatus for a couple of years," jokes Gifford, "and gives me time to get established."

People Edited by Anthony Wilson-Smith with Sandra Danyl

No mountain high enough

Professional mountain biker **Seamus McGrath** is in his brand new black GMC Sierra pickup truck, changing into his bike gear and talking on his cellphone. His blond dreadlocks catch the sun and he oozes self-confidence. Unbeknownst to him, he is somehow off of the track's limits, at which point he starts bright red, as he frantically searches for his keys. Once he has the situation under control, he hops on his bike and blasts off into the woods.

McGrath, 24, of Millgrove, Ont., is one of those extreme athletes, more comfortable hurtling down a mountain while manoeuvring through rocks and stumps than throwing or kicking a ball on a field. "People are starting to realize that mountain sports are kind of lame," says McGrath. Since he started racing mountain bikes nine years ago, McGrath says he has seen the sport move from the fringes to Olympic status—making its debut at the 1996 Atlanta Games, where Canadian



McGrath: 'these Games are a warm-up'

Alton Sydnor won the silver. This year, in Sydney, Australia, McGrath will represent Canada alongside Sydnor. "These Games are really a warm-up for me," he says, acknowledging that the best races are in their 30s and European. "I might not get a medal this time around, but in the future the sky's the limit."

Oka through the eyes of Obomsawin

It seems fitting that the day **Alison Obomsawin** premiered *Radii at Whiskey Creek*, her new documentary about the 1990 Oka standoff, a deal was struck between the Mohawk Indians and the federal government concerning land they fought over a decade ago. "Thirdland rights are much bigger than that," says Obomsawin, referring to the 960 hectares agreed upon. "But it's the beginning of something they never had before."

Obomsawin, 67, was born in New Hampshire, grew up on the Odanak reserve northeast of Montreal and then moved to *True North* when she was 9. She speaks softly and holds herself with



The filmmaker: 'progress'

the grace that comes from spending her youth as a high-fashion model. She has made more than 20 films for the National Film Board of Canada—including four on Oka. *Radii* recounts the events of Aug. 28, 1990, when Mohawk women, children and elders were leaving the Kahnawake reserve, frightened by the imminent advance of the Canadian army. As their 75-car convoy crossed the Mercier Bridge, residents of a neighbouring community pulled their vehicles with socks—scores were injured and one elderly man died of a heart attack the next day. Ten years later, Obomsawin says, "there is progress, but it's slow."

The Dawn of the Genetic Age

The deciphering of the human genetic code ushers in a new approach to healing

By Mark Nichols

With a celebratory beer-and-chips party scheduled, geneticist Tom Hudson was planning a trip to Boston last week when nature intervened, in the form of a northerly onshore wind that whisked out his flight from Montreal. Hudson, director of the Montreal Genome Centre and assistant director of the Whitehead Institute's genome research centre in Cambridge, Mass., settled for telephoning his colleagues south of the border. "But I wish it could have been there," he said later. "The party was an occasion for congratulations for our hardworking people on a major contribution to the Human Genome Project." As it was, effusive praise came from the highest levels as political and scientific leaders joined in marking a milestone—the near-completion of the massive, 10-year drive to decipher the genome, the encrypted genetic instructions that help to determine the size, shape, looks and health of every human being. "Today," declared President Bill Clinton at a White House ceremony where he was joined by the heads of two rival genome-decoding enterprises, "we are learning the language in which God created life."

More practically, the world learned that with our hereditary risk almost complete, formidable labour lies ahead before the decoded genome can yield widely forecast health benefits. Those wonders would include prescription drugs tailored to each patient's genetic makeup and gene therapies and other treatments to battle and even eradicate diseases ranging from Alzheimer's to cancer to heart disease. "There's a lot more work to do," said Lap-Chue Tsai, a genome researcher at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. "We've just reached the end of the first chapter in a very long volume."

So far, the government-backed Human Genome Project and its upstart, privately funded rival, Celera Genomics of Rockville, Md., have spelled out most of the approximately 3.1 billion letters A, C, G and T that, in endlessly changing sequences, sequence the chemical constituents of DNA, the genetic material that is the stuff of life. But chunks of the genome remain unexplored, work remains to be done to link sections of decoded material into a coherent whole—and scientists do not yet know where in the mind-boggling array of letters the code sequences for most genes are located



The double-helix strands of DNA, within the 23 pairs of chromosomes in each human cell are joined by rings (shown in magnified circle) composed of chemical subunits known as nucleotides by the letters A, C, G and T. The genes are composed of sequences of these units in the DNA.

Marco Deligi, Hudson's Canadian team boss, says he will be in the front lines to aid the quest for gene therapies.

perio to suggest to you. Now, Venter, who wants to patent some of Celera's findings, has promised to make his company's sequences public in the future.

Hobbled by slumpy federal funding, Canadian researchers have been left largely on the sidelines in the race to decode the genome. But prospects brightened somewhat with an infusion of cash in the February federal budget that will boost Ottawa's spending on genome science to about \$55 million a year, up from about \$15 million. Some Canadian researchers are already at work on the next crucial step in the genome saga—trudging down the gene sequences that make up about three per cent of the decoded DNA. One key to that puzzle will be the humble laboratory mouse, because its genes generally resemble those of humans, similar stretches of code will point to gene locations in both species.

A team at Vancouver's Genome Science Centre has begun identifying and mapping the rodent's DNA for sequencing by laboratories around the world, which are expected to complete the mouse project by 2005. Meanwhile, Venter has declared that Celera will decode the mouse genome by the end of this year.

Once scientists have located the genes, they can start the difficult task of figuring out what role each gene may play in health, or disease. Those functions are determined by proteins. Formed according to the gene's instructions, proteins organize the structure and behaviour of human cells, speed

communications between cells and through the human body, and act as shock troops in the human immune system. "Understanding what all the proteins are doing," says Tony Pawson, a

University of Toronto expert, "is fundamental to designing drugs that can best cancer and other diseases."

As new knowledge accumulates in the coming decades, medicine is likely to be profoundly altered. According to the Human Genome Project's Collins, by 2010 physicians will routinely use a battery of genetic tests to determine a patient's risk of developing diabetes, some kinds of cancer, heart disease and other conditions. By 2020, doctors will pick the best drug for a patient by making no account of individual genetic profile, and by 2040 gene-therapy techniques and drugs designed to treat disease by targeting specific genes will be in widespread use.

For now, researchers admit they still have a long way to go in understanding the genome. They do not even know, for example, how many genes are concealed in the billions of letters of decoded DNA—the estimates range from 30,000 to 140,000. Scientists who hotly debate the subject, are putting \$1 along their own estimates in an Internet pool. "I guessed 77,000 genes," says Tom Hudson. He predicts the winning number will be known in about two years, as scientists continue their long struggle to learn humankind's genetic secrets. ■

www.mcgill.ca/genome
for info



Publishing

Giving Away the Store

Avie Bennett's unprecedented donation of industry icon McClelland & Stewart brings praise—and a storm of criticism

By Brian Betsworth

When the larger-than-life Jack McClelland ran the venerable Canadian publishing house co-founded by his father, McClelland & Stewart was no stranger to headlines. Sometimes it was McClelland's outrageous publicity stunts, like the freezing March day in 1960 when he visited several Toronto bookstores dressed only in a tag and laurel leaves to flag a novel set in ancient Rome. More often, though, it was the unending financial difficulties that shadowed his commitment to Canadian literature. But it is doubtful that McClelland, who headed the now-94-year-old company from 1953 to 1985, ever caused a bigger stir than Avie Bennett, his successor as owner, did last week. He had insured his firm's future. Bennett told a news conference, by the bold step of giving it away, to the University of Toronto. "To achieve the survival of one great Canadian institution, I have

given it into the care of another great Canadian institution."

It was an unprecedented, albeit swift move by the white knight and savior developer whose purchase of M&S in 1985 rescued it from a lean head with financial distress. Approved in advance by the federal government and set to take effect within four days—on Canada Day, no less—the decision achieved those aims at once. It solved what the 73-year-old Bennett called his "succession problem," how to preserve intact the nation's most esteemed publishing program when he was without family or Canadian companies interested in taking it over, and was prohibited by law from selling it to foreigners. The gift also established an endowment fund in support of Canadian culture and which U of T will plow any future profits. The handover even realized some monetary value for Bennett, thanks to the tax credit it will generate. But for supporters present in the rugged surroundings of the university's governing council chamber—academics, employees and M&S writers among them—it was the publisher's "amazing generosity," in the words of the firm's new president, Doug Gibson, that brought Bennett two sustained and admiring rounds of applause.

Elsewhere in the small world of Canadian publishing, however, consternation seemed almost as common as approval. Even as Gibson proclaimed that "it is still business as usual

Bennett: the white knight and savior developer is believed to have poured millions into M&S

the long is dead, long live the long," others were claiming the earth had moved. Critics found an entrenchment of private deals in the details. In accuracy, Bennett gave the university only 75 per cent of M&S's publishing arm, roughly half of its business. (The other half of the old M&S, its so-called agency sales—some 6,000 foreign books for which the firm holds Canadian distribution rights—remains in Bennett's hands.) Bennett sold the remaining quarter of the publishing program to Random House of Canada Ltd., a subsidiary of the American giant, the world's largest English-language publisher, which was itself bought for \$2 billion in 1998 by German conglomerate Bertelsmann AG. And Bennett and Random House had signed a deal for the international firm to provide administrative services, and using "marketing and sales."

It was the alliance with Random House that put the cat among the pigeons. Bennett said he approached Random House chairman John Neale—who, like amazingly everyone

else since 1998, got into the act, accusing him of disloyalty for giving M&S to their school's downtown rival.

While some observers criticized the tax credit that will eventually accrue to Bennett, others expressed frank admiration. Certainly some of Bennett's fellow Canadian publishers begged him some return on the money—earnings run up to \$15 million—he poured into M&S after buying it for \$2.1 million. Bantam Books president Allan MacDougall says he, too, is mused about succession, but at 53 it is not a pressing issue for him (having the rights to the Harry Potter series would probably benefit retirement thoughts in any event). "Avie's came up with a very elegant deal," noted Kim McArthur of McArthur and Co. "I'm delighted the government worked with him on it. I hope it means there will be more for flexibility for all of us in the future." That is a natural hope for Canadian publishers, who are all enmeshed in the same velvet coffin. The federal reg-

ulations that protect them from takeover also make it impossible for them to sell their companies.

While Bennett, who told MacArthur he had said all he had to say at the news conference, remained above the fray last week, Gibson and Neale were having none of the criticism. "There is no way we have 45 per cent of the assets," says Neale. "It's more like 20 per cent for us, and M&S's nine per cent includes its agency sales, which we are not involved in." Nor can U of T dispose of its shares piecemeal, added Gibson—the agreement stipulates that M&S can be sold, after three years, only in its entirety and only as a Canadian entity. As for Random House controlling M&S, Gibson points to the new company's seven-member board of directors, five of them university appointees—himself, Bennett, just-departed U of T president Robert Pickard, one of his predecessors, John Evans, and Arlene Parry Rae, a reviewer of children's books and wife of former Ontario NDP premier Bob Rae. "You have to be a real conspiracy theorist to see this board as a rubber stamp."

What exercised Gibson the most, however, was his belief that groundless fear was obscuring a remarkable gesture. "I have never seen a gift more honest in intent more economically examined," Gibson said, sounding in though his own terms were clenched. "The point is the gift—Avie Bennett has made a generous, imaginative gift that will keep M&S going as a Canadian entity." And as the issue newsworthy publisher in the nation. ■



Atwood, Ondaatje (below): the headline carries just about every important Canadian writer





A Season for Escaping

Armies of sailors, patriots and poultry join the fray in Hollywood's summer game of box-office survival

By Brian D. Johnson

School's out, and for Hollywood that means one thing: war. At the studios square off in this annual battle for the summer box office, anyone walking into a multiplex should be prepared for a smorgasbord of military propositions. In the coming weeks, superpowered mutants save the world in *X-Men*, Clint Eastwood leads a mission of aging assassins in *Space Cowboys*, and Michelle Pfeiffer plays a wife possessed by her husband's dead psycho minivan in *What Lies Beneath*.

Meanwhile, in the two latest releases, George Clooney burns heads with a husband in *The Perfect Storm*, while Mel Gibson brews and bawks his way through redneck wars of perfect storm tropes in *The Patriot*. Both movies are

directed by Gutman—Wolfgang Petersen and Roland Emmerich, respectively—but that does not diminish their quotient of red-blooded American heroism. And although Gibson is Australian, in *The Patriot* he wraps himself in the war-scarred banner and displays a bloodthirsty passion that makes his turn as a Scots guerrilla in *Bushwar* seem almost gentle.

Heroic and in the hard currency of the summer blockbuster. And Gibson seems so comfortable as a Yankee Doodle dandy that, in *Chickens Run*, he plays it as parody, voicing the role of a cocky American rooster offering to help a prison camp of English poultry fly the coop. In a season of animated features that includes the space antics of *Titanic A.E.* and the zeno *Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*, the free-range Brit was

of *Chickens Run* often a refreshing break from formula. And it has given Jim Carrey's *Me, Myself and Irena* a run for its money: the Claymation feature earned \$26 million on its opening weekend, second only to *Jaws*' \$35 million. Using gross-out comedy to out-gross an animal, *Irena* boats its own poultry joke, and all the wit in the world can compete with a police officer yelling: "We'll someone get this God damn chicken out of my ass please!"

Clearly, summer is the time when filmmakers are supposed to check their brains at the door and have a little fun. Critics are expected to lighten up, to go along for the ride. After all, what's wrong with a little harmless entertainment? Well, if summer movies were as harmless and empty-headed as they purport to be, that would be a lot easier. But what keeps getting in the way? Big, dumb ideas.

THE PATRIOT Created by the producer-director team that unleashed *Independence Day* and *Godzilla*, and scripted by

Glenn Feldman
Glenn Feldman
Glenn Feldman

Robert Rodat (Strong Private Ryan), this American Revolution epic combines genre melodrama with high-minded sentiment. It's a scary mix, a potent Fourth of July cocktail designed to make Americans feel good about themselves as only Americans can. *The Patriot* is a spectacle of ruthless surgery, and it's a toss-up as to which is harder to stomach, the bloodletting or the plot. That said, the movie is undeniably entertaining. Although it runs 156 minutes, the drama never drags, the performances are solid and the battle scenes stunningly executed.

As a spectacle of military strategy, *The Patriot* is impressive. But for all it mounts an historical drama, it squanders as much on dramatic heft as on one point, Benjamin's soldiers, who are based in a swamp, take a one-week vacation from the war to join their families as a picnic on the beach. It's a land of South Carolina Club Med with charcoal rubans and gourmet buffets. The food slaves are as happy as clams and play marbles by the sea while the whole film does nothing, make romance and find time for a wedding. The forlorn also allows Benjamin to reconcile with a daughter

THE PERFECT STORM In this case, the monster is Mother Nature in a foul mood. The movie is based on the 1997 best-seller by American author Sebastian Junger, the true story of a weathered boat, the *Andrea Gail*, that sails into "the storm of the century" on the North Atlantic in October, 1991. It's not unusual for movies to take liberties with books, but *The Perfect Storm* is an extreme example. In essence, the filmmakers have turned a week of scapular notification into a full-on war without changing the names of the real-life characters. Just how the story is fictionalized cannot be



Run (left), *Almodóvar*, *De Niro*, *Reilly*, *Balaban*, *Carrey*, *It's own sailing*, *sailing* *blockbuster*—or *not* with *honey!*

The story is set in South Carolina, in 1776. Benjamin (Gibson), a former hero of the French and Indian War and a widower with seven children, is trying to live in peace on his plantation. He wants no part of the brewing rebellion, but he can't stop his eldest son, Gabriel (Heath Ledger), from enlisting. However, after the British, led by the cut-throat Col. Tarleton (Jesse Brown), show up on Benjamin's doorstep and kill one of his children, Dad dips his old musket out of the attic and marshals a rebel militia. A narrows Robin Hood, Gibson's guerrilla hero orders his men to "start with the officers and work your way down," appalling the enemy by violating the no-quarter-of "civilized" warfare.

His modern. It's no longer enough to fight for a cause. Like *Gladiator*, *The Patriot* is about a narrows avenger who stands up to an imperial villain for the sake of his family. And family values have never been drenched in so much blood. Weapons are treated as fetters. In one scene, Benjamin readily butcher's a dead soldier with a sword to make sure his son is not a coward. And in a campfire ritual, he melts down his dead boy's on soldiers for musket balls. But the story to end all stories is the flag, a ragged Span and stripes strung on a wooden lance aimed at the English monster like a stake at a vampire's heart.

explained without giving away the ending, which the studio has specifically asked critics not to do—even though Junger gives it away on the first page of his book, it seems ludicrous to protect an ending that was once front-page news—this is a disaster flick—but if the studio wants to treat it as a challenge, we'll comply.

Says that the movie will founder as dramatic in the early scenes, as a back-slap script labors to give the discussion some sentimental ballast before the crew leaves port in Gloucester, Mass. They include skipper Billy Tyne (George Clooney), who is on a losing streak and desperate to catch some fish; Bobby Sharkey (Mark Wahlberg), who is clinging to his new girlfriend (Diane

Chicken Run (below):
combining gothic melodrama
with high-minded sentiment

Lane), and Dale Murphy (John C. Reilly), who is trying to support an estranged wife and child. But none of this will matter much once they are in the teeth of the severe character is downed by special effects.

The movie portrays Time as a reckless cowboy who drags his crew all the way out to the Florida Keys, 2,000 km from home, to find fish—disregarding dire weather warnings. (In fact, it was not until he was on his way back that the danger became apparent.) The first half of the movie is spent waiting for the storm, the last half enduring it. Some of the action scenes are staggering, with the Andies Gail trying to climb the Eternity of what Junger calls "a non-negotiable wave." And there is a heart-stopping sequence of a helicopter rescuing a seafaring crew.

But the inescapable deluge of effects, with actors screaming through walls of water, gets tiring. A bombastic score by James Horner (*Titanic*) blows through the movie like an idiot wind, never letting up. And why do directors of disaster movies now feel obliged to torture the viewer with strobing light? In this case, presumably, it's lightning. But even the underwater scenes are lit like a disco, and having your eyes never dulled for almost an hour is largely ensuring a trip to a perfect nightmare. *The Perfect Storm* turns an enthralling, uncharacteristic book into a sick shock.

MYSELF AND IRVING Canadian actor Jee Carrey in his own winking, talking blockbuster. As the jekyll-and-hyde split personality in Jee, he portrays a man at war with himself. One side of him is Charlie, a pathologically nice Rhode Island cop who cannot bring himself to write a parking ticket, like a parody of a polite Canadian. Then

there is the monster within, whose idea of courtship is a dildo and a bottle of rum. It's as if *Truman* and the *Cable Guy* are fighting for the same body. Together they form a struggle with Irene (Renée Zellweger), danced on the line. The movie works hard to be politi-



cally incorrect—from the moment Charlie's wife dumps him for a pesky African-American madam, leaving him illegitimate black triplets who grow into trash-talking teens with gonorrhea. And various groups have protested the use of the term "idiot." But no worse offense is that the story is just an excuse for the gaps. Unlike Bobby and Peter Fendley's previous hit, *There's Something About Mary*, Jee plays like a one-man show, and while Carrey is funny, even two of him cannot make up for a lame script. **CHICKEN RUN** Directed by Peter Lord and Nick Park, the British team behind the Oscar-winning *Wallace and Gromit* shorts, this Platonic cartoon is smarter—and more three-dimensional—than most of the summer's live-action fantasies. Parodying films like *The Great Escape* and *Dodge 17*,

the action unfolds behind the burbled wife of Tweedy's Egg Farm. Mrs. Tweedy (voiced by Miranda Richardson) is planning to turn her ducking inmates into chicken gas with a maniacal new baking machine.

Reminiscent of *Babe*, *Chicken Run* is darker than most kids' films. "We are the shadow of a chicken going in head chopped off," a depressed hen croons to a goose, and the campy infernal pie-baking contraption has a hint of Holocaust overtones. But like *The Simpsons*, *Chicken Run* works on multiple levels—for all ages except very small children. It's more fun than a movie full of Platonic poultry has any right to be. **THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY AND BULLWINKLE** When it first hit

prime time in 1961, it was eleven's pioneer post-modern cartoon. Now, director Des McAnuff (Jimmy), a Toronto native, picks TV's parading music and flying spirit out of men limbs and drops them in a live-action world. Blandering villains Boris and Natasha morph into real-life characters, played by Jason Alexander and Rene Russo. Robert De Niro does Peter Sellers as the Fearless Leader, while an ingenious FBI agent, played by the wholesomely sexy Piper Perabo, helps the cartoon animals save the world from being annihilated by bad television. Recalling a time when we could enjoy deconstruction without knowing what it meant, this deadpan romp is oddly amusing—a case disservice from the war zone of Hollywood's gods and monsters. **B**

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Entertainment Notes



Conger's ever-past
Conger, Rodwell (far
left) she splits the dress

Far from a blushing bride

In the August issue of *Playboy* magazine, Rick Rodwell will finally get to see what he missed on his honeymoon. Giving the centerfold is Darva Conger, 34, who married Rodwell on the Fox-TV show *Who Wants To Marry a Millionaire* on Feb. 15. The couple, who met and tied the knot during the two-hour show, endured a rocky honeymoon. They stayed in separate rooms and barely spoke to each other on the Caribbean cruise. When they returned to Los Angeles to allegations

that Rodwell abused a former girlfriend, Conger filed for an annulment. "I made a stupid mistake," she conceded. "It doesn't mean that I am a stupid woman." Conger added that she just wanted to restore her privacy.

She chose a funny way of doing it. Conger wears a wedding dress on the cover of *Playboy*, but inside the pages it all. She told NBC's *Today* show that she posed nude to help compensate for the loss of income after she was fired from her nursing job. (*Playboy* reportedly paid her more than \$750,000.) "What was I to do," asked Conger, "stay at home and watch as they foreclosed on my house?" Maybe she should have sold the car and \$50,000 ring paraded by the network. But then her 15 minutes of fame really would have been over.

Best of Man Ray

Born Emmanuel Radnitsky in Philadelphia in 1890, Man Ray went on to become one of the 20th century's most acclaimed photographers. The touring exhibit *A Practical Dreamer: The Photographs of Man Ray* features more than 100 of his pictures taken between 1916 and 1951. The show makes its only Canadian stop at Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario from July 13 to Oct. 8. Organized by the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles, the display chronicles Ray's early work in New York City, Paris and Hollywood, including his fashion shoots for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. A highlight of the exhibit is Ray's



Le Violon d'Ingres (1924) is a series of poems of literary and artistic icons such as Gertrude Stein, Pablo Picasso and James Joyce.

Video Releases

SCREAM 3 (July 4)

The latest in the Scream comedy-slasher series finds Sidney Prescott (Neve Campbell) fighting yet another serial killer with the help of Gale Weathers (Courteney Cox) and Dewey Riley (David Arquette).

MY BOG SKIP (July 11)

This film about the adventures of a young boy and his best friend, a Jack Russell terrier named Skip, is pitched at the whole family.

THE HURRICANE (July 11)

Denzel Washington received an Oscar nomination for his portrayal of real-life boxer Rubin Carter, who was wrongly convicted of murder and spent 19 years in prison.

ANGELA'S ASHES (July 28)

Based on Frank McCourt's best-selling memoir of the same name, the film tells the coming-of-age story of an Irish-Catholic boy growing up in poverty.

MAGNOLIA (July 25)

The latest film from director Paul Thomas Anderson features Tom Cruise amid an eclectic cast of stars in a series of comic and poignant vignettes, all set in California's San Fernando Valley.



Cruise, actor

Unlucky in love

Single? Desperate enough for love to be humiliated on television? Then sign up for *Blind Date*. The popular U.S. show is looking for Canadian singles to star in the series that offers a voyeuristic look into blind dates. Strangers are followed on their big night out by a camera crew, which chronicles every embarrassing detail for the audience's entertainment. And now the show is coming to Toronto. Would-be dates can "audition" at the ChartCity Speaker's Corner Video Booth in Toronto on July 19 and 20.

On fire with Harry

Unprecedented seems a small word when used to describe the Harry Potter craze currently sweeping the English-language world. The fourth volume in a planned series of seven books about the magical adventures of a bespectacled boy at an English school of wizardry is slated for release at 12:01 a.m. local time, July 8—and not a minute

before. Until then, the publishers, including Canadian rights holder Raincoast Books of Vancouver, have dropped a disk of secrecy over the novel, refusing to disclose the slightest detail. But last week, the cover of the book was leaked and its title revealed: *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*.

Publishers have been talking about print totals: record runs of 1.5 million in Britain and 3.8 million in the United States. In Canada, 350,000 copies—more by domestic standards—begin



streaming out of a printing plant in Atlanta, Minn. (The Goblet-filled truck struck and killed a moose once of Winnipeg, but no copies were lost to prying eyes.) If the new novel meets publisher's expectations, Harry's career, 35-year-old J.K. Rowling, who earned \$40 million last year, could soon be worth \$500 million. And with Potter accessories such as a board game and magic wand arriving in stores by fall, and a big-budget movie in the offing, Rowling's millions will grow as if by magic.

Best-Sellers	
Fiction	Nonfiction
1. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	1. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
2. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	2. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
3. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	3. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
4. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	4. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
5. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	5. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
6. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	6. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
7. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	7. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
8. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	8. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
9. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	9. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3
10. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3	10. THE GIVER by Lois Lowry (H) 3

(*) Not in list
Compiled by Brian Burt

Straight animal talk

American journalist Warner Shedd has written the perfect book to launch the season of outdoor activities. In *One Acre's Worth of Best Animal Bond: A Naturalist Debunks Our Favorite Follies About Wildlife* (Harmony), Shedd counters long-held misconceptions about North American animals. You thought all beavers build dams—

well, no. In wide, deep rivers, beavers tunnel into the banks to make homes. Another myth is that moose are slow, lumbering creatures at full throttle, a moose can reach speeds of 55 km/h. And flying squirrels don't fly at all. Instead, they glide from tree to tree. A myth that bothers Shedd is that black bears can't run uphill very well because their hind legs are short. In fact, a bear can easily outrun a person on any level. Shedd, a former executive with the National Wildlife Federation, hopes that promoting a more respectful view of certain animal species will ultimately encourage the conservation of native wildlife.



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Allan Fotheringham

Who will bell the Grit cat?

Who is going to bell the cat? Who is the little boy/girl man who has the courage to shout: "The Emperor has no clothes!"

By late 1963, Canada was fed up with John Diefenbaker's waffling over the Cuban missile crisis. There were rumors of a cabinet revolt. George Hies, the flamboyant Toronto minister, vowed his undying loyalty.

When Dief indicated he would scrap the \$685 million already spent on the nuclear program, Defence Minister Douglas Harkness resigned. When the PM demanded it at an emergency cabinet meeting that all his supporters stand up, nine ministers remained seated.

Finally Hies, in desperation, went to 24 Sussex Drive and told his boss that if he would resign immediately, the new Tory leader would appoint him chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. After the failed coup d'état, within months, of course, the Diefenbaker government was defeated in the Commons in all the relict bed and the votes followed in the spring election.

Who now, is the minister Hies, a fearful loyalist one month, a Brutus the next? Who is the principled Harkness, a distinguished cabinet in the war, who lights the first match?

Any dilem can see that the Liberal caucus, unwarmed by the fresh face of Stoeckwell Day, knows it can never again win 101 of Ontario's 103 seats—the only thing that keeps the Chrétien government in power, narrowly. It is no longer a Canadian party; it is an Ontario party, feebly.

It is not only Quebec voters who are embarrassed by our Prime Minister's increasingly frequent gaffs, once abroad away from his golf course. Not knowing the difference between East Jerusalem and West Jerusalem—the very essence of the never-ending dispute between Israel and the Palestine hopefuls.

Or that he shouldn't blast out the private plans of the French president or fail to notice that the press is lurking when he booms in a private meeting in Europe about how he is sending his nephew to ambassador in Paris. Or, when asked about Stoeckwell Day, turns it into a semi-rant against Paul Martin.

The worst secret in Ottawa is that relations between the PM and his finance minister are so sour that they no longer speak, save the formal exchanges across the weekly cabinet session. The two cabals in the capital—diplomats, courtiers,

backroom boys—one for Martin, one for Chrétien, even drink in separate watering holes, for fear of overlap.

So who will bell the cat? The first one out of the gate, to express publicly what everyone knows privately—that it is time to unthaw the mind? Is it Dennis Mills, the imaginative and somewhat underplayed Liberal MP who rides the Danforth in Toronto's vibrant Greek enclave?

Chrétien's main danger comes from the massive Ontario backbench, which—deprived of cabinet roles—have to raise their hands like trained seals behind the PM's two Toronto dallands, Dave Collette and Art Eggleton. Chrétien loves loyalty, which means he cherishes dallands who obey. No questions asked.

Why has, for example, the busy Toronto MP John Godfrey, former president of Haskin King's College and former editor of the *Financial Post*, never been elevated to the more mediocre Grit cabinet since Sheila Copps was still alive? Roundly, rich-grown in Canada's rich city, automatically has a cabinet destination for its MP but the emergent Bill Graham, who supports many gay causes although married, is also not given cabinet rank.

Every single Liberal MP while watching those scenes of newspaper the lack-baiting Stoeckwell is getting, knows the game of bluff going on. The PM avows that he is staying for a third term, the finance minister has his agents out there hinting he will flee to the private sector.

Just as Chrétien did, sulking in stock ops on Bay Street while waiting for John Turner to go. Just as Turner did at his law firm, waiting for Trudeau to go—waiting for Godot—waiting no long as his communication skills and charm grew rusty.

There's a whiff to the Stock of Trudeau—not the depth of course—but a whiff: the easy charm, the seemingly genuine cockiness. His handsets and merriment will dampen down that jump-for-Jesus impression when he goes to serious campaigning.

The more important question remains: who is going to bell the cat? God knows, there's no one in that drabey cabinet who has the balls to do a Harkness or a Hies. The best chance is for those doddlers in the backbench, one night over a beer in Hull, deciding to take their courage in their hands and at the next weekly Liberal caucus tell the boss—as others once told Dief the Chief—that it's time to take the high jump.



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- Nominations must be postmarked no later than August 31, 2000.
- The five regions for which awards may be given are: Maritime (Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland), Quebec, Ontario, Western Region (Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta) and British Columbia (BC) and the Territories. A pool of eligible nominations will be selected by the committee. The five awards (one national and four regional awards) will be selected from the pool of leading nominations. If a region is not represented by the pool of leading nominations selected by the committee, an award for that region will not be granted.
- Award recipients will be announced on November 15, 2000.
- Award recipients will be selected from qualifying nominations only. Caregivers cannot nominate themselves.

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